

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR,

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

BY MISS A. E. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD," "HUGENOT
EXILES," ETC.

(Continued in No. 71.)

CHAPTER VI.



HE room of the forsaken girl was studiously darkened; its walls were draped with black, and the same funeral hangings swept in dreary folds around the heavily carved bedstead. Though the sun shone brightly without,

and the air was balmy and soft, every cheerful sight or sound was carefully excluded from the apartment where wounded pride and rejected affection mourned the sudden and overwhelming blight which had fallen on her who never before had been hwaried in the most trifling caprice.

Three days had passed since the bridal ceremony which terminated in so extraordinary a manner, and the bride lies mourning on her couch, refusing to be comforted. By her orders the room had been made to assume this sombre aspect, and she spoke no word to any save her father, when he entered to soothe and endeavor to arouse her from the indulgence of her sorrow.

Otelia Clayton lay upon the bed with her eyes closed, and an expression of weary listlessness upon her features. In the dim twilight which reigned in the room another figure was visible, sitting on a low chair beside the smouldering embers of a wood fire; and she rocked monotonously to and fro, with her large black eyes fixed immovably upon the bed. This was the nurse of the heiress of Clayton, a mulatto woman of fifty, who, even in decay, showed that she had once been eminently handsome. A hawl of bright colors was wrapped about her tall form, and a turban, made of a scarlet silk handkerchief, was wound around her head, forming a strange contrast with the mourning aspect of the room.

The woman appeared to watch her charge with the deepest solicitude, and she finally arose, and took from beside the fire a cup filled with spiced wine, which she placed on a silver waiter and carried to the bedside.

"My darling, my precious child, take some of this. It will strengthen you. Oh, my young eaglet of the mountain, you will not droop your wings to the dust, and suffer them to lie there, because an ungrateful boy has played the ingrate to those who cherished him?"

Otelia turned her head wearily away, and made a motion of rejection. The nurse took the hand that lay on the coverlet, and pressing it tenderly, again spoke:

"It is three days that my heart's treasure has lain here, without one word to the old nurse who has loved her as her own: on whose breast her infant head was pillowed. Does my care deserve such a reward as this? Oh, missy, speak to the old woman, if it is only to say that you love her no longer."

At this appeal Miss Clayton unclosed her eyes, and faintly said—

"You know I shall never say that, *ma mère*; whatever my caprice, my ungovernable temper, may lead me to do towards others, you are sacred; for you alone have never lost patience with the spoiled child of your heart. I am sick of life, and would gladly lay it down on its very threshold; why you do not—cannot know."

"At a first disappointment the young are apt to

feel thus, my child; but you will recover from this; the dark clouds will roll away, and the sun shine out again even more brightly from its brief obscurity. You have a brilliant future before you: youth, wealth, position. Descendant of the Claytons, lift up your head, and claim that with which nature and fortune have endowed you, and weep not over the desertion of this youth, who has proved himself unworthy of his race in acting as he has done."

At these words, pronounced in a tone of command, the young

girl half raised herself, and regarded the nurse with an expression of surprise. She said, with some of her old hauteur,

"It may be true, *ma mère*, but you exceed even your license in speaking thus of one of the family to whom you belong. My cousin shall not be disrespectfully alluded to in my presence, even by one as favored and esteemed as yourself."

She sunk back again exhausted by the effort she had made, and the nurse stood with an expression of bitter scorn, that seemed almost mockery, upon her lips. One lurid flash of anger darted



"Then you, the father I have loved and revered, have been guilty of that which has tarnished the honor of your house, brought humiliation to your heart, and devotion to your hearth."

from her eyes, and then they were once by the drooping of the heavy lids. She lifted the cup and again offered its contents to her young mistress.

"You are better, my child, I see, from your flashing up as you did just now. I will not speak of Mr. Arthur, nor even think that you are grieving after him, if you will take the least morsel of nourishment. Taste the wine—I spiced and flavored it myself just as you like it, and you had best take some before your father comes in to see you; your condition is breaking his heart, missy."

Miss Clayton again raised herself, took the proffered cup, and, to the surprise of the nurse, drained the whole of its contents.

"There—I have done your bidding; I will get up and make myself ready for my father's visit. Nurse, he keeps from me what I must know. By giving way to the anguish that devours me, I thought to move him; but he is inflexible as iron. Now I will try remonstrance. Oh, *ma mère*, what—what was whispered in the old man's ear when Arthur proclaimed his intention to go away for ever! It maddens me—it is killing me—yet my father refuses to tell me!"

The face of the woman grew suddenly as excited as her own, and she laid her hand upon that of the speaker and asked, in a low whisper—

"Was there a quarrel?—a discovery of any—anything unusual before Mr. Clayton left?"

"A quarrel?—oh no!" she bitterly replied. "The Claytons never condescend to quarrel—it is too vulgar; they only strike, and be sure the blow goes home, as this has done to my heart."

The nurse suddenly bowed her head, and she muttered—"I see—I know now what must have happened. Oh, Lord! the sins of the father are indeed visited upon the child; but it's not just—it's not just. If I thought—but no—it is impossible."

"*Ma mère*, what do you mutter about?" asked Otelia, impatiently. "Help me to fold this shawl around me, and place my chair near the fire; I feel chilly at the thought of the interview that approaches. Then, when I am quite ready, inform General Clayton that his daughter will be glad to see him."

The woman mechanically obeyed her, and when her young lady was seated she stood before her and impressively said—

"I have lived in this family for fifty years, Missy, and I know its secrets. All great families have their secrets, and sometimes it's not well to pry into them. If your father refuses to tell you what you demand, you must be content to know that it is concealed from the desire to promote your happiness."

Inexpressibly haughty was the gesture of Miss Clayton, and her blue eyes lighted up with an irate expression as she waved her away.

"Leave me, nurse. General Clayton himself may use such language to his daughter, but not the slave that tends upon her, even though she has filled the place of parent to her motherless infancy. I love you, but I do not tolerate such liberties as you have taken twice to-day. Death may make all equals, but sorrow does not; so take a lesson by what has passed here but now, and offend me no more in this way."

The woman listened submissively, but there was a curl of triumphant scorn upon her lips which spoke eloquently of what was passing within. She merely said—"I will inform my master that you are waiting for him," and left the room.

Miss Clayton sunk back in the luxuriously-cushioned chair, and closed her eyes to meditate on the best means of attaining her end in the interview she had asked.

The inauspicious marriage had been carefully concealed by General Clayton, and it was surmised among the household that the sorrow his daughter took no pains to conceal was occasioned by the desertion of her cousin, to whom it had long been understood Miss Clayton would be united immediately on his return from college. Among the servants the most improbable stories were circulated as the cause of Arthur's sudden departure; but there was one who listened to all, and alone gained the true clue to what had really happened.

Anita, the slave nurse of Miss Clayton, was a woman of shrewd observation, and possessed information not usual among her class. She had been reared with the sister of General Clayton, and from her instructions received the elements of a common education, which she had improved by reading everything that fell in her way. The death of her own mistress, soon after her marriage, caused Anita to return to Clayton Park, just at the crisis when her presence was most needed. The infant daughter of her former master was left motherless by a sad casualty, which had consigned the young and lovely Mrs. Clayton to a tragic fate in the second year of her marriage. Anita took the infant to her heart, and thenceforward devoted her life to her, showing an affectionate pride in the development of the little girl worthy of maternity itself.

This woman, with a firm step and proud mien, now sought the library, in which her master sat and brooded over the disappointment which had overturned the most cherished plan of his life. The evening sun shone into the room and showed General Clayton crouched down in a large chair placed in front of the fire, looking like the very impersonation of desolation and hopelessness. He did not hear the approach of the nurse, and was quite unconscious of her presence till she spoke close beside him.

"General Clayton, missy wishes to see you."

This was her usual form of address, for Anita never acknowledged their mutual position by giving him the usual title of master, though she often referred to him as such in speaking with others.

He started—raised himself from his painful reverie, and said,

"Otelia has spoken with you, then? She is better?"

"I think she is: she has risen, and awaits your coming in the wild hope that you will reveal—"

She paused impressively, and he hurriedly asked,

"Reveal what, Anita?"

"That which your nephew must have learned, though how I know not; for you would scarcely betray a secret of such vital importance to yourself—to her."

He made a motion of assent, and Anita went on.

"I suppose you would not dare to risk so much. What does the boy know? and how did he hear it? I, too, would know the purport of those whispered words, to which your child referred just now."

An expression of feeble indecision passed over the features of General Clayton, but he arose with an effort when he caught the gleam of the wild black eyes that seemed seeking to read his very soul; and under a compulsion he had no power to resist, he went to the secretary, unlocked it, and touched the spring of the secret drawer. It flew open, and pointing to it, he slowly said,

"That receptacle was thoughtlessly left open as you see it, and Arthur looked into it. A moment's carelessness has undone the labor of years. Behold the cause of his departure, and see how hopeless is his return."

The woman followed him, and watched his motions with breathless eagerness; she glanced into the drawer, uttered a stifled cry, and covered her face with her hands. After a few seconds she removed them, and glared upon the agitated man who stood before her with an expression in her eyes that was really terrible. She clenched her hand violently, and raised it above her head, as she hissed through her half-closed teeth,

"And with this knowledge you suffered him to go hence alive! With so much at stake for her, you permitted him to go away in safety, bearing with him this fatal secret! William Clayton, you are a craven and a coward! Slave as I am, I would have barred his way, and only over my dead body should he have passed out, to ruin that which is dearest to me."

The positions of the two seemed at this moment reversed, for the master trembled in the presence of his bondswoman. He finally asked,

"Would you have had me destroy my brother's son, the last male descendant of my house? No, Anita—the dark record of the past is enough to weigh down my soul in the present, to sink me to perdition in the future, without adding this crime to—"

As he faltered, she fiercely asked,

"To what? You did nothing. Don't play the pining driveller, Clayton of Clayton, and prove yourself no true scion of your stock. I once thought you had the will of a despot, and nerves of iron? Why shrink now, when they must be put to the test?"

General Clayton recovered his self-command at these insulting words, and a spot of vivid crimson glowed upon his withered cheeks. He haughtily said,

"You strangely forget yourself, Anita. I owe much to your devotion to my daughter, but there are certain boundaries that even you shall not pass. You presume upon your knowledge of painful circumstances in my family history, to speak to me thus but re-

member it must be for the last time. My nephew is beyond my reach, and I have nothing more to fear from him. Let him go; the property is secured to my daughter, and come what will, she is the heiress of Clayton."

"A poor compensation for the slight he has put upon her in deserting her at the very altar," replied Anita scornfully, for she seemed little moved by the rebuke of her master.

"How know you that?" he furiously demanded, now driven beyond all self-command by the jeering manner of the daring woman.

"As I know everything else that has occurred in this house since I was old enough to see and observe—by my own skill in putting evidence together. Arthur Clayton is young, generous and grateful: he has given missy a legal claim to the inheritance by bestowing his hand, and then deserted her. Is not this true? Have I not made out the case correctly?"

General Clayton darted a fiery and indignant glance upon her, but she stood perfectly unmoved, with her glowing eyes fixed upon him with an expression from which he had often recoiled; for this woman wielded a secret influence over him which he could neither escape from nor evade. It was a curious revelation of the power of a strong unscrupulous nature, over one whose master passion was the pride of authority. Lord it over others as he might, it was evident that this iron-willed man had met with more than his match in the woman who stood before him. He replied to her briefly and haughtily, but he did reply—

"Your sagacity has not failed you in this instance. Only as the bride of my nephew can Otelia have a legal claim on the broad lands of Clayton. Thus you see her best interests are secured: the love the poor child now fancies is so strong she will soon overcome. She is very young. By the time she is of an age to make a wise selection, the law which releases a deserted wife will enable her to act with freedom. Then the heiress of Clayton shall be wedded to the proudest in the land, and he who has dared to slight her shall be cast into oblivion."

"And he?—what has become of him? Whither has he gone?"

"I know not; though he mentioned that the allowance he has hitherto drawn can be paid to my banker in Richmond, from whom he will receive it. He will probably first go there."

"And is there no hope that he can be induced to return? Has he no love for his cousin?"

General Clayton shook his head gloomily.

"Before he made that fatal discovery, he almost refused my daughter's hand; after it was made, few men would have acted as generously as Arthur has done—though he has given me my death-blow, I can be just to him thus far."

Anita bowed her head in deep thought; she presently looked up, and decisively said,

"It was a misfortune that you should have been forgetful of the drawer; but not so fatal as it might have been if the heir had been a different man. We must guard the poor child from any future mischance; and now you had better seek her to reason her into a calmer state of mind. Missy is impulsive, and with her, after the first burst of sorrow is over, the cloud will break away and the sun will shine again. She will love another far better than she fancies she now loves Mr. Arthur."

"God help me! I hope it may prove so, but I fear the result," replied General Clayton, with an air of deep depression. "This disappointment has shaken me very much; my nerves are quite unstrung, and I feel unequal to the contest that awaits me. My poor child suffers terribly, and she passionately demands of me what I cannot—what you know I dare not grant."

"I know it; but you once knew how to beguile and deceive, General Clayton; and the art cannot be quite lost," replied Anita, bitterly. "Try your powers once more upon your daughter—lie to her—flatter her—tell her anything that will answer your purpose, and then think of your family motto, 'Honor before Life,'—ha! ha! This is a rare world we live in!"

The old man bit his lips till the blood came, and his blue eyes flashed out a lightning glance upon her, as he left the room, but he made no reply.

Anita listened till the heavy echo of his hopeless footsteps died away, and then she shook her closed hand after him.

"Fool! fool!" she muttered, "do you think that boy shall live to stand in the way of the child I love? No; I—I will pursue him to the death; for only in his grave can he cease to be the true heir of Clayton; besides, he knows too much—he must perish, and I will find the means."

While she thus communed with herself, her eyes were fixed on the secretary. There were few receptacles in that house to which Anita had not managed to obtain access; she drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, and selecting one applied it to the lock. It yielded easily, and the spring which closed the concealed drawer was soon found.

In another instant the picture which had so moved Clayton was in her hands, and one half-withdrawn glance satisfied her of its identity. She hurriedly concealed it in her bosom, and again spoke, unconsciously,

"This shall do no more mischief, even if the old driveller should again leave the place open. A pretty result we have had already from his criminal carelessness."

Having locked the secretary, she glided from the room, and went on her daily duties as housekeeper; for in that dignified position Anita had been installed as soon as her nursing was old enough to have a voice in the arrangement of her father's household. These duties in a short time brought her to a small apartment adjoining that of her young lady, appropriated to household linen. At first she made a feint of looking over the contents of the presses, which, to do her justice, were always in perfect order; but gradually the sound of the voices in the next room absorbed her whole attention. There was a door between the two chambers kept constantly locked, but the house was old and the woodwork mouldering slowly away, and it had not been difficult for Anita to enlarge a crevice near the edge sufficiently to enable her to see and hear what went on within. In arranging the sombre drapery upon Miss Clayton's walls, she had been careful to leave this loophole free, and she now eagerly bent her head and listened to the conversation of the father and daughter.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN General Clayton entered his daughter's room she half rose to receive him, but sunk back before he could reach her side. The gloom within prevented him from seeing clearly before him for several moments, but when his vision became accustomed to the dreary twilight in which it was the whim of his daughter to live, he saw that she looked excited and tremulous to an unusual degree. Since her unhappy marriage he had only beheld her stretched upon her bed in pallid anguish, imploring him in pathetic language to tell her why her cousin had wedded but to desert her. Now she seemed to have assumed another phase of character. Her eyes were glittering with excitement, and a faint flush glowed upon her cheeks: Anita had indeed well spiced the wine her young lady had drunk, and she felt its glowing influence in every pulse in her frame.

"My darling is better to-day?" said the father, as he stooped over her, and kissed her brow tenderly. "My precious one, when will you come forth again, and diffuse the light of your presence over the house? My heart is weary for the sound of your dear voice, and feels the need of its sweetest music."

Miss Clayton passively received the caress; and after a pause, she abruptly said,

"It may be yours on one condition, father. My darkened room is my asylum, till I learn the cause of the bitter wrong and insult which have been thrown upon me."

"What! Otelia, will you abjure the light of Heaven—refuse to enjoy the blessings so lavishly bestowed upon you, because one has been withdrawn?" asked her father in a deprecating tone. "Am I not wretched enough already in the undutiful conduct of my nephew, without having my only child turn against me thus? for I feel that this course is adopted only to force me to do that from which every principle of honor and feeling revolts."

This appeal seemed to touch Miss Clayton but little. She said in an excited manner,

"I have a right to know what so intimately concerns myself—I am wounded in the most sensitive point; that of personal and family honor. The motive that could have moved such a man as Arthur Clayton to act as he has done, must be one of vital concern to himself; I ask you—I demand of you, General Clayton, what that

motive was, and I will never be satisfied without a true answer is given to me."

All the fire and haughtiness natural to him she addressed seemed utterly subdued; he trembled as if overcome with cold, and cowered over the dying embers. He complainingly said,

"You confuse me, Otelia, by this unreasonable demand; and you break my heart by your want of consideration for me. Do you think that you alone suffer, when the dearest hope of my life has been so cruelly thwarted? Look at me! have pity upon my gray hairs, and do not torture me thus. See—I—your old father, implore you to have compassion for me, and cease to ask what you should never seek to know."

"But I must know it, or die!" exclaimed Otelia, in a passion of mingled anger and despair. "Can I live with this phantom of evil flitting ever before me? certain that it is there, yet unable to grasp it—to analyze it, and see of what materials it is made! Fearful that some day it may turn and strike me down; crush me to the earth. Oh! this burden is too fearful to be borne; lift it—lift it, or I shall go mad!"

She started up, and stood before him with her hands clasped over her brows, and a gleam in her eyes that made her father shudder. He wildly muttered,

"Once before—once before have I seen that look, and it led to—Oh, Lord of Heaven and earth, if there is mercy for me, show it now! for Thou knowest how much I need it! Is not the atonement yet complete? Must bitterer dregs yet be drained from my cup of suffering?"

He sunk back in his chair completely unnerved—and closed his eyes as if to escape from the agitated face that looked upon him. Then his daughter threw herself beside him, and clasping his hands to her heart, moaned in piteous accents,

"Father, pardon me my seeming cruelty, but I ask only my right. I am the party most deeply concerned in this, and I should know the truth. Let me help you to bear the burden, and it will become lighter. Why should Arthur abjure love, fortune, position, everything, sooner than remain with us? That is the everlasting cry of my heart, and it must be satisfied. Speak—speak, and ease your conscience of its load, for I must know what I ask."

"My child," whispered a feeble, broken voice which she was compelled to still the wild throbbing of her own heart to hear, "the lad loved you not; he would have evaded the offer of your hand if you had given him the least chance to escape. He knew my heart was set on this marriage, because the entail gives him the estate, and you would have had nothing. Arthur considered his past obligations to me, the sums I have paid for his father; and he took the only means left him of endowing you with the property—he made you his wife, and as such conveyed to you the fortune which by every law of justice should have been yours without the sacrifice of your freedom to obtain it."

Otelia listened with breathless earnestness to these words, and a shadowy paleness crept over her face; she bowed her head a moment, and then with an expression of mingled mortification and disdain, she sternly said—

"This is not all the truth, General Clayton; the most vital part is kept back, and only the bitter fact laid bare, that my cousin recoiled from the marriage you forced upon him. Why did I not sooner know this; my conduct toward him would then have been very different. You knew that I loved Arthur, but my pride revolted from the thought that he had only to claim the hand which had been so long designed for him, and my capricious nature led me to show him the least amiable side of my character. Oh, fatal mistake! If I had known all I should have acted differently, and this bitter humiliation been averted from me."

"My child, cease to regret him," urged General Clayton, with more animation. "Turn your thoughts from the past, and look to a future which shall surely be bright. Your birthright is secured to you, and in the years to come you can make a happier choice."

"And the heir goes forth into the world to make his own way, while I enjoy the wealth with which he has endowed me?" asked Miss Clayton, with all her native haughtiness. "Methinks I should bring myself to a very mercenary level if I accept the fortune thus obtained, and the parting words of my cousin be justified. No! General Clayton, money may be a very good thing, but common honesty and justice are better. Let the heir of Clayton claim his own; I will be no bar in his way when you are gone."

"Child—child, are you bent on driving me distraught?" exclaimed the old man, wringing his hands. "Otelia, I could not lie at rest in my grave if another than yourself claimed the old homestead and its lands. I am the elder brother, and my child is best entitled to the inheritance; then why speak of surrendering it to your cousin at my death? Promise me, swear to me, that you will not do this."

He clutched her hand eagerly, and she arose from her kneeling position with a triumphant look upon her features. She calmly said—

"Tell me the whole truth, and the promise is yours. I will consent to anything to gain that."

Her father clasped his hands hopelessly, and his head sunk upon his breast. Words came from his lips as if they were wrrenched from them by some power he could make no effort to resist—

"Otelia, I dare not."

A frightful convulsion passed over the girl's face, and she raised her hand accusingly toward him, as she slowly and distinctly said—

"Then you, the father I have loved and revered, have been guilty of that which has tarnished the honor of your house—brought humiliation to your heart, and desolation to your hearth; and I, your child, am the sacrifice upon the shrine of your evil doing. I bear the penalty, yet must never know the extent of the wrong. Clayton of Clayton, I summon you to answer my demand at that great day when all secrets shall be revealed; in the meantime I must bear the lot you have given me till I pass beyond the marble gates of death."

"You have closed them on me; I can bear no more," muttered the unhappy man, falling back in his chair motionless and senseless.

Throughout this scene Miss Clayton had acted under a degree of impulsive excitement which she made no effort to control; but when she beheld the fatal result of her last words, she cast herself despairingly at her father's feet, and implored him by every tie of affection to pardon and look on her once more. The failing senses were recalled for a brief space by the agonized entreaty of that voice, which might almost have won him back from death itself. The tall form erected itself, the eyes resumed an expression of intelligence, and the lips unclosed to utter—

"Promise me—you will keep the inheritance so dearly purchased—promise me, or I cannot die in peace."

"I promise it—I promise anything! oh, my father, my kind father! do not leave me now, with the dread certainty that I have indeed broken your heart!"

He understood her, and a faint smile gleamed over his lips. He muttered—

"No—no—it has long been coming; I have known it—I have felt it—and I hurried the marriage on—that account. The estate—Otelia—you will keep it?"

"Yes—anything—anything, if you will not look so terrible—oh, Lord of Heaven!—can this be death?—you were strong and well a moment since; you cannot be going from me thus! Oh, no! you cannot—you cannot!"

The despairing cry of the stricken girl brought Anita to her side, and she immediately loosened her master's cravat, sprinkled water upon his face, and made every effort to revive him.

Otelia rushed to the window, tore aside the sombre drapery, and threw it open, admitting a flood of soft sunlight, and the balmy breath of early autumn. The cool air flowed in, and stirred the whitened locks of the rigid figure in the chair, but it sent no message of life to its heart. The languid pulses had ceased their weary beat, and the imprisoned spirit had winged its way—whither?

A few moments since and he had lived, and suffered—all that was palpable to those who had loved him was still there; but the mysterious tenant that willed, moved, and governed, had flitted away, leaving the insensate shell to be wailed over and lamented as though that were the creature they had dwelt with, communed with, and clung to with all the passion of earthly affection. Dust to dust—ashes to ashes, and the haughty aristocrat must now share the fate of his menial slave.

Miss Clayton would not believe that he was really dead—she continued her efforts to revive him, till the icy chill of his hands proclaimed the sad truth, and then she abandoned herself to paroxysms of grief and remorse that threatened to unseat her reason.

The family physician was hastily summoned, but he lived several

miles from the Park, and it was late in the night before he returned with the messenger. He found that Anita had attended to all that could be done, and the late master of Clayton lay still and cold in his shroud, while his daughter wailed and moaned that she had killed him, refusing to listen to the voice that would have soothed her anguish.

At first she refused to take anything, but gradually Dr. Winston succeeded in persuading her to swallow an anodyne which he carefully prepared. Its effects were soon apparent; the wild shrieks that had rung throughout the house, sunk into sobbing moans, and after many hours of intense suffering the bereaved daughter sunk into a heavy slumber, which more resembled death than sleep.

Anita never left her side: unwearied was the watch of the faithful nurse, and many times during the night did she lean over her charge and count the fluttering of the rapid pulse, fearing it might indicate the approach of brain fever.

About midnight a wild storm broke over the plantation: one of those devastating rains which fall like an avalanche, and sweeps everything before them. The dash of the torrent that filled the valley below was mingled with the crash of thunder, the roar of the battling winds, and the sharp glare of lightning, and the night which followed General Clayton's death was long remembered as one of desolation and terror throughout the whole country.

Anita was not entirely free from the superstitions of her caste, and she fancied more than once that the spirits of the honorable men of the race who had gone before him, were waiting over the degenerate son whom death had torn so suddenly from his ancestral halls. She grieved not for the departed, for other thoughts were busy at her heart—and many a scheme of power and pride flitted through her active brain during the long hours of that nightwatch.

She knew that her influence with her young lady was all-powerful, and she anticipated that the heiress of Clayton would in future scarcely be more mistress of the Park than herself. As day dawned, cold and gray, a sudden thought seemed to strike her. She arose, satisfied herself that her young lady still slept, and softly left the apartment. No one was waking but herself, save the watchers in the chamber of death, and that was on the opposite side of the mansion. With swift steps Anita threaded her way toward the library, and paused in listening silence before the secretary. Assured that all was still, she again had recourse to the bunch of keys, and the concealed receptacle soon lay open before her. With rapid movements she took from it the papers which General Clayton had shown his nephew, and many letters which explained events in the past history of her late master, which she was most anxious to keep from the knowledge of Miss Clayton.

Gliding back with echolless tread, she resumed her place beside the bed, and with rapid intelligence looked over the papers she had abstracted. The letters she concealed upon her person, but the deeds she deliberately laid upon the fire, and watched them till the last vestige was consumed. Then, with a triumphant laugh, she spoke half aloud—

"And now, my young lady of Clayton, you may sleep in peace; for your title to the broad acres, and the strong arms that labored for your father, is indisputable!"

(To be continued.)

MABEL HAMILTON; OR, LIFE'S CHANGES.

THERE was a marriage festival in one of the princely mansions that reared its proud dome in an aristocratic square. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door of that palace home, and the sound of music and mirth was borne on the evening air; while the loiterers in the vicinity would never for a moment imagine there was aught but joy and happiness within. Gaze for a moment at the fair bride, as she passes the richly draped window, leaning on the arm of the stately bridegroom, who looks with pride on the queenly form at his side. How well she becomes the diamonds that flash from brow and arm, and seem striving to rival the lustre of her dark eyes! Watch her as she walks with proud unflinching step to the man who is about to pronounce the marriage ceremony. Can you read the expression of that almost matchless countenance? Is it that of love and trust in one for whom she is to forsake all others, if need be, and eling to him alone? Is it in a thrill of love and happiness that she walks up to the marriage altar? Or is it pride and triumph that gleam in every feature of her fair face as the marriage vow is uttered? In that hour, before the altar, her heart beat calmly on with a full, measured pulse; that heart had, in a former day, trembled like a reed upon its slender stem, when stirred by the evening breeze, at one glance from Clarence Tracy's eyes.

The marriage ceremony is ended; the bridegroom and the bride receive the congratulations of their friends, and the solemn benediction is carried over; they ascend the carriage steps, and are borne away to their elegant home, which almost surpasses the one the lady has left.

The world said Mabel Wentworth was beautiful, and her pride almost exceeded her beauty. She had loved once, truly and intensely, and came near sacrificing her pride to that love, by wedding the poor but gifted Clarence Tracy. But he had no money; and when the stern father commanded his daughter to wed the wealthy suitor, she obeyed; and a loving beating heart was sold for gold; and in a street not far distant, one deeply stricken and desolate was sadly dreaming in his solitary apartment of "the days that were," while before him was many a rose-tinted eye, which caused the blood to rush to the cheek and brow, and his dark eyes to beam with proud determination. He hears the rattling of the carriage-wheels which accompany the bride to her new home, and pass so near his own poor apartment; but he hears them as though he heard them not, and his mind wanders back to the time when he first met the daughter of the millionaire, and ignorant of her rank and wealth, sought and won her heart. Already had he ascended the first rounds in the ladder of fame; already had he made a commencement towards accumulating the much-coveted ore, and at each step forward he rejoiced, as it brought him so much nearer Mabel Wentworth.

But there was a "change come o'er the spirit of his dreams," for scarce five days had elapsed since the tidings had reached him that she was about to be led to the altar by a wealthier suitor. It was with unwavering eye and careless tone that he replied to the friend who communicated the tidings; and that friend little knew the anguish his words caused, as Clarence turned away and sought his own lodgings, to think and to act—yes, to think and act for the future.

Pale and tearful a young girl enters her humble apartment in a cheerless house, in an unfashionable and unhealthy part of the town. She was poorly clad, for her garments were much worn; but, notwithstanding, she was an interesting child (for she was scarcely more than a child), with light, sunshiny hair, and dark eyes, that one could see (from their troubled look) were tremulous with extreme sensibility. Is it wrong to murmur at her hard lot, and cast, perchance, a glance of envy at the cheerful and comfortable dwellings opposite? It was easy to see that in that gloomy attic desolation and want were no strangers; that sorrow had long pillowed an aching head. All day long had this lonely and sensitive creature wandered forth in the busy, bustling crowd in search of employment. But none would trust one of her tender years, and wearied with repeated disappointments, she again returned to her lodgings. She was met by her landlady, who informed her that she must immediately pay the sum due for her board, or depart that very night. It was all in vain that the heart-broken one bemoaned her to bear a little longer; that she had parted one by one with every article which she possessed, until nothing remained for which she could obtain the most trifling sum.

There is a hard and sorrowful lot, and no wonder the question sometimes arises, why a wise and kind Father thus afflicts His children; why some are revelling in wealth and luxuries, while others are suffering for the want of the very necessities of life. These things will all be understood when we go to His house of many mansions. Therefore toll on, weary seamstress, in love and faith in Him, and thy reward awaits thee—if not here—in Heaven. Life for thee may not have many soft and pleasant pathways, where flowers are ever springing up; clouds may sometimes hover thick and dark above, obscuring the sun of happiness. But never mind; for He seeth the end from the beginning, and ever knoweth all is well.

Mabel Hamilton once more sought the presence of her landlady. But all pleading was in vain; she took her rudely by the arm and thrust her out of the dark room into the still darker night. A few stars were gleaming with a pale, sickly hue through the dark clouds that were shooting athwart the almost deserted thoroughfares, and the poor girl gazed upon them with a sad, thoughtful look, which expressed no hope in the future. Alone, and without home or friends, whither should she go? Onward, still onward, she bends her weary feet, without knowing whither they tend; she stops not until she has reached the outskirts of the town. She sinks on the steps of an imposing-looking dwelling, and seems lost in one overwhelming thought of utter wretchedness; and then again a vision of childhood's earlier days comes over her, and she is the idol of loving parents, though all this is remembered as a half-forgotten dream.

The opening of the door recalls her to herself, and the words addressed to her cause a new pang to spring up in her already desolate heart. The master of the house steps forward with a sharp rebuke to his servant for his impertinence, and addresses the stranger kindly.

"Where is your home?" he inquired. "Tell me, and my servant shall conduct you there."

An involuntary glance upward was the only reply; but Mr. Tracy understood it all, and taking her kindly by the hand, exclaimed, "Yes, my poor child, you have a home there—never forget it." And he led her forward, and placed her in his own arm-chair opposite the fire that was burning brightly in the open grate.

Mr. Tracy is called a cold, proud man, but he goes on the face before him with no slight interest. The deep hazel eye, on whose lids a tear is trembling, the bright sunshiny hair that is clustering around the mournful face, the graceful form, the finely cut lip, all remind him of one who many years previously he had felted to his bosom, while the loved one had confessed that she would

be a joyless blank separated from one to whom she had given her heart's best affections.

And she had said the truth—time had proved it so; for all the sweet blossoms of her life had withered and been crushed beneath the footsteps of gold; all the happiness of her life was swept away, as it seemed, for ever, when Mabel Wentworth became the wife of a man, who, instead of inheriting valuable and extensive estates, proved to be a profligate adventurer; and after spending his wife's portion, and persuading his stepfather to accept bills to a large amount, all of which were spent at the gaming-table, he fled the country, leaving a family that had been reared in luxury reduced almost to extreme poverty.

But Clarence Tracy knew nothing of all this; he only knew that this stranger took his bride to a house of almost princely splendor, that she was surrounded by those who would never recognize one with prospects neither of wealth nor influence. And so he strove to forget; and he went abroad, where he remained until honors crowded thickly around him, and he had gained that which would place him (in the eyes of the time-serving ones who bowed the knee to Mammon) on an equality with one he had once truly loved.

On his return to his early home Mr. Tracy did not seek to learn the fate of Mabel; he knew that the family had left the place, and though he was courted by the circle of which she was once the brightest ornament, her name was an almost forgotten sound by those who once knew her best, and professed to love and flatter the most. Many thoughts and memories crowd upon the rich and great man's mind, as he sits silently musing, while the eyes of the poor girl are cast sadly down in a half-dreamy reverie. Suddenly she rises, and a half-smothered sigh escapes from her lips, as she moves toward the door.

"Where would you go, my poor child?" said Mr. Tracy, reaching out his hand, while a kind smile was on his fine, manly face. "It is nearly midnight," he added, glancing at the French timepiece over the fireplace. "Alas, I do not know," replied the young girl, "I have no home! What will become of me?"

"You must remain here to-night," said Mr. Tracy; "and my housekeeper shall conduct you to an apartment, and afterwards we will see what is best for you; but first tell me your name."

"Mabel Hamilton," she replied.

Mabel Hamilton! Mabel! Oh, how that name penetrates every recess of his heart; and then those eyes, the hair, form, everything—everything but the proud and queenly bearing—was so like his Mabel, once his. But no, it could not be! It was foolishness, weakness, to think of that poor child of want in connection with the pampered and proud lady he had known. What could they have been to each other? Nothing; it was merely a chimera of his excited imagination. But then the name was the same. But what of that? There were hundreds of Mabels in the world! He retired for the night, angry with himself to think the memory of the past had the power of affecting him so much.

"And you are sure, Mabel, dearest Mabel, that it is not gratitude that induces you to give your consent to become the wife of one more than twice your age?" said Mr. Tracy. "I would know if love alone influences you in this event; otherwise it is a cruel sacrifice, and will be productive of a life of misery. Be true to yourself, and true to me, for I have once been cruelly deceived; and if the chains that are to bind us will not be happily worn, speak the word, and you shall again be free."

The deep, expressive eye, but a moment before beaming with happiness, fell beneath the gaze fixed upon her own, and a tear trembled on the long eyelashes and fell.

"I am answered," said Mr. Tracy. "You are free, Mabel! I was too hasty in giving way to the thought that youth and beauty like yours could be happy as the wife of one old enough to be your parent. Forgive me, and I will speak of love no more."

He arose to leave the room; he gave one glance at Mabel as he was about to close the door—and oh, the unutterable look of sadness that met his eye! He returned to her side.

"Speak, Mabel," he said. "Will you not tell me why this unhappiness? I will no longer persecute you with attentions which are disagreeable to you. And now, will you not place confidence in one who has been your guardian for three years?"

"My guardian, parent, friend," she replied; "yes, more than parent or friend—all the world to me—what would have become of me but for your kindness? I, who came to you a poor homeless wanderer—I can never repay you; but a whole lifetime of gratitude and esteem is at your service."

"Gratitude and esteem—but can't thou love?" said Mr. Tracy.

"And more than all, love—the first, the only love this heart ever knew," replied Mabel.

He pressed her lips to his own, while he exclaimed, "Mine now and for ever. But why that look of anguish but a moment since on your fair brow?"

"I thought perhaps that you had come to the conclusion that the poor creature you befriended was unworthy the gifted and talented man whom all admire," said Mabel; "and thought it very natural you might regret the past, and wish that I, too, might prefer it had been otherwise."

"And does the little sceptic still doubt?" said Mr. Tracy.

"No longer," she replied.

TRIFLES.

THE Salem Gazette says the following sign may be seen swinging at a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No horses shod on Sunday, excepting sick, lame, or death."

Why is a lady sweetest when she is just out of bed in the morning? Because then she's a rose.

A country contemporary in a soap puff concludes as follows: "The manufacturer of the best soap ever used to cleanse a dirty man's face. We have tried it, therefore we know."

There are two kinds of bores in this world—the rich and the poor. You can free yourself of the latter by lending him five dollars. You can free yourself of the other by attempting to borrow twenty dollars of him. Try it on.

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared."

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied; "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a bow knot."

There is a Yankee whose nose is so sharp that after using a pocket-handkerchief for a week it is full of holes.

The old gentleman who thought he could stop a rat-hole with toasted cheese, has just been overtaken by another hallucination, viz.: that young women can be kept from knowing "what's what," by sending them to boarding school.

DIAMONDS.—This most precious of stones has met with a greatly increased demand of late, and has consequently experienced an enhancement of price, having advanced twenty-five per cent. within the past year. The importations into the United States have had a perceptible effect upon the markets of Europe, and yet, says the *New York Journal of Commerce*, the Custom House books scarcely show any transactions in the article. Diamonds are easily concealed about the person, and they are thus smuggled into the country without paying duty. Their importation is almost managed by the unscrupulous, who go about selling to local merchants as they have an opportunity. "Honest men cannot compete with them, and have long since desisted from the attempt."

Some of our "beautiful and accomplished" ladies of the North have peculiarities which would be considered agreeable by those who make it a point to be fond of what is eccentric and out. For instance, we read that warrants have been issued at East Deer township, Alleghany county, Pa., for the arrest of six young ladies, charged with riding the schoolmaster of that district on a rail. It appears that the schoolmaster refused the use of his school-house for the purpose of holding singing schools, which gave the young ladies great offence. So great is the excitement, that the young ladies have secreted themselves to avoid arrest. It is certainly very ungalant of the people of Alleghany county to attempt their arrest.

There is considerable excitement at Paterson, N. J., in regard to the finding of about three hundred pearls (real) in mussel shells—the affair seeming likely to transform the Jersey State into a new East India. One pearl as large as a small marble has been shown to Tiffany & Ellis, the well known Broadway Jewellers, who estimated its value at \$1,000, and offered to advance \$700 on it. It lacks the peculiar tint of the Eastern pearl; otherwise its value would be almost incredible. The man who owns it has already sold small pearls to the amount of \$200. Everybody is on the search, and whatever may be the result, there is evidently no lack of muscle at the diggings."

Henry Bates, the late State Treasurer of California, of whose impeachment we had intelligence, has been tried and convicted. The amount of his delinquency was \$124,000. He has been declared incompetent hereafter to hold any office of public trust or honor in the state. He has also been indicted, and is to be proceeded against criminally.

On the 6th of February, William Godfrey, Esq., of Pee Dee, S. C., received a letter which was mailed to him on the 18th of January, 1838, at Clio, a post office in Marlboro' District, about twenty miles from the former place. The letter had been nineteen years and eighteen days on its route, and contained a \$20 bill on the Merchant's Bank at Pee Dee, with a request to return the amount in United States Bank bills.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—Uriah Paulk, a citizen of Alabama, was killed in 1855 by the collision of two trains (on one of which he was a passenger) on the South-western Railroad in that State. Subsequently his relatives sued the railroad company for damages, and a few days ago a jury gave a verdict against the company for \$25,000.

CHESS.

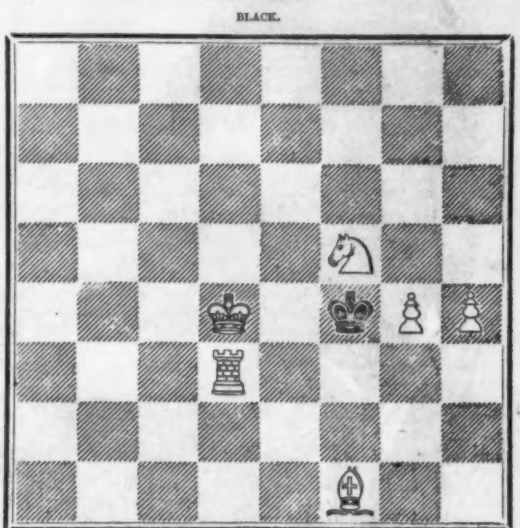
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JUJUR.—Your solution to Problem LXXVIII. is "ingenious, but won't wash," as our worthy President of the New York Club sometimes says of an unsound move. Let us trace variation A, for instance, of your solution to its end:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to Q B 5	Kt to K 7
2 B takes P	Kt takes B
3 Q to B 5, not mate, as you suppose, for Kt interposes check	P takes P
4 P takes Kt	
5 Q takes P Mate—five moves!	

PROBLEM LXXII.—By N. MARACHE. White to play and mate in five moves.



GAME LXXII.—(SICILIAN OPENING.)—In a match between Messrs. ANDERSON and MARACHE. (From Mr. MARACHE's unpublished manuscript.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. A.	Mr. M.	Mr. A.	Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	16 P to Q Kt 4	B to Q 5
2 P to Q B 4	Kt to Q B 3	17 B to Kt 2	Kt to K B 3
3 Kt to Q B 3	P to K 3	18 Castles (d)	B to K 6 (ch)
4 Kt to K B 3	B to Q 3 (a)	19 K to Q Kt	Q to K 2
5 P to Q 4	P takes P	20 R to Q 3	B to Q Kt 3
6 Kt takes P	B to Q B 4	21 P to K R 3	Castles K R
7 Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	22 Kt to R B 3	P to Q B 4
8 P to Q R 3	Q to Q Kt 3	23 Kt to R 2	P takes P
9 Q to Q B 2	Q to B 2	24 B takes Kt	Q takes B
10 P to K B 4	Kt to K R 3	25 Kt takes P	Q B to Q B (e)
11 B to K 2	P to Q 4	26 B to Q B 4 (f)	Q to Q 5
12 R to K B (b)	Q to Q	27 R to Q B 3	B takes P
13 P to K Kt 3	P takes Q B P	28 Kt to Q 3	B takes Kt (g)
14 B takes P	B to Q Kt 2	29 Q takes B	Q takes Q (ch)
15 B to K 2	Kt home (c)	30 R takes K	R takes B

And White resigned.

NOTES TO GAME LXXII.

- (a) This move is objectionable in this *début*, when the first player plays P to Q B 4 for his second move.
- (b) We scarcely see what object Mr. Anderson had in view, when he made the move in the text.
- (c) Must bring that Kt into play.
- (d) With the intention of winning a piece.
- (e) This simple move may be said to decide the game.
- (f) After this coup the loss of a piece was inevitable.
- (g) R takes B was also a good move, winning a clear piece by force.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to Q 7 (ch)	K moves
2 R to B 7 (ch)	K to K 8
3 R to B 8 (ch)	K takes R
4 R takes Q (ch)	B takes R
5 Q to Q 8 (ch)	K to Kt 5
6 B to K	Anything (a)
7 B to Kt 5 (ch)	K takes Q mate
8 Q to Kt 8 (ch)	

If 6 ——— (A)
7 Q to Kt 8 (ch)

POLITICAL PREACHING IN THE OLDEN TIME.—A correspondent of the Petersburg Express, writing from Warrenton, North Carolina, about recollections of Quaker parish near there, says:—"The last royal clergyman who officiated in the parish was named Taylor. Upon the meeting of the Whigs in Halifax, on the 4th of April, 1776, for the purpose of placing the county in military organization, parson Taylor became very active in opposition to measures adopted, and took occasion to preach a very severe sermon on the subject of loyalty to the king and against rebellion, aiming at converting in strong terms on the movements of the Whigs. Nothing was said by the audience at the time—not a murmur of disapprobation was heard; but on the next Sabbath, as the reverend Tory ascended to the pulpit, he was startled to find a board of tar and a small bag of feathers, placed there by way of a hint. The hint was taken in all its significance; the parson descended, left the church, and very soon emigrated to some more congenial region. It is certain he never preached at Quaker chapel again."

BRITISH ARMY IN HINDOSTAN.—The following is a return of the British and Indian army, made more than thirty years since, in a time of peace. The probability is that it is much stronger now:—
Royal Troops—Cavalry and Infantry 22,560
East India Company's European Troops 7,712
Company's Native Cavalry 11,011
" Native Infantry 132,512
" Native Artillery 8,760
Irregulars 24,741
Invalids and Pensioners 9,872
Total Indian Army 215,463

EXPLORATION OF AFRICA.—It is stated that the British Government have directed the ascent of the river Niger by a screw steamer annually for the next five years, in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the course and sources of this famous stream. The French have two screw steamers: one, the Aquitaine, of 700 tons burthen, actively engaged in the navigation of the Senegal. On her first trip she ascended the river with 600 tons of goods, 100 tons of coal, and safely returned with a full cargo of gum, wax, skins, and other articles.

THE Sultan of Turkey being about to give away his daughter to the son of the Egyptian Viceroy, has ordered jewelry for her to the amount of £100,000. Even her slippers are to be set in diamonds, and the setting of her fan and mirror are valued at £20,000.

THE six degrees of crime are thus defined:—"He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is only a defaulter. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched."

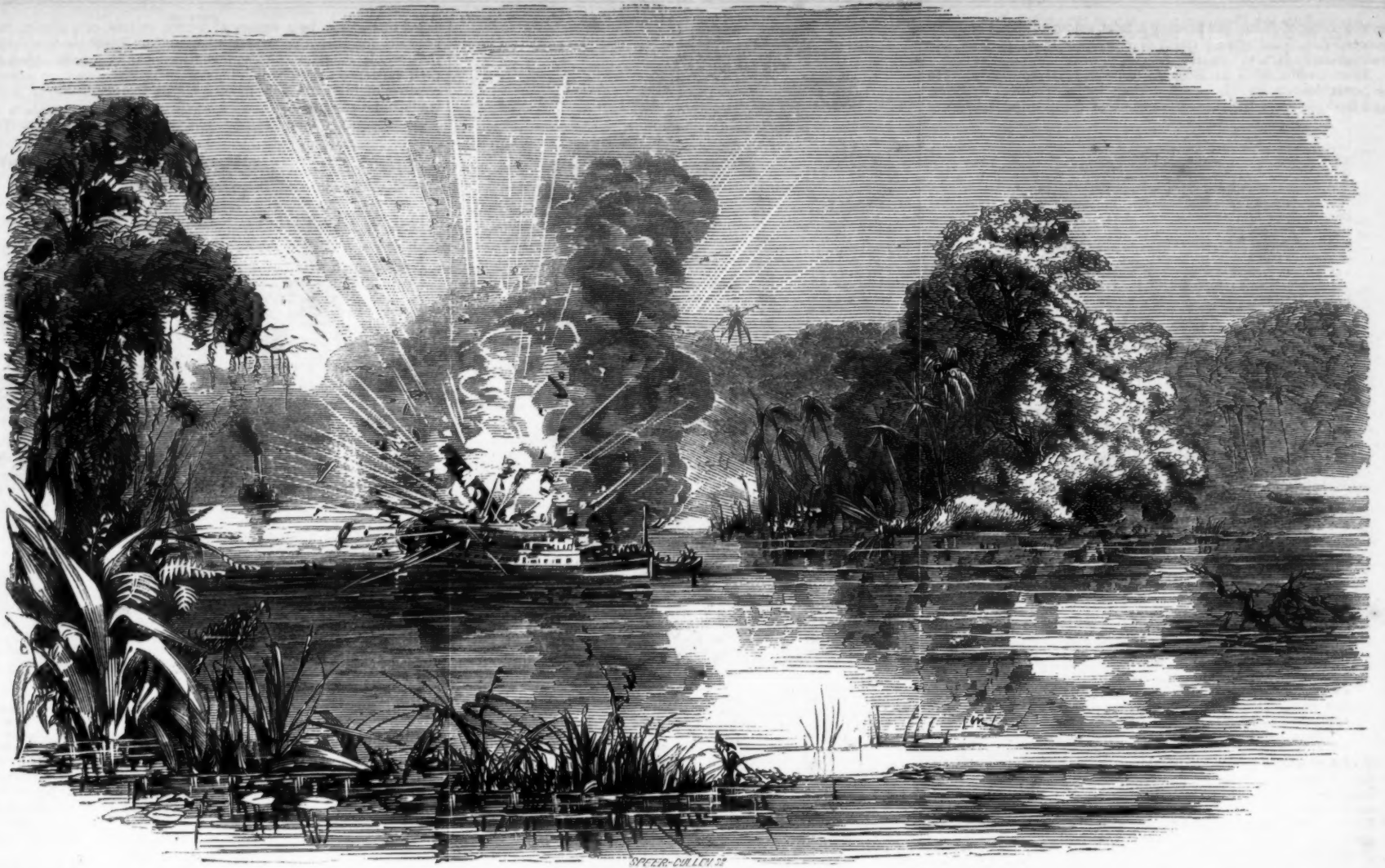
Letters received at Pittsburgh from Iowa report that a settlement of twenty families near the head-waters of the Des Moines River had been broken up and nearly all the settlers murdered by the Indians.

At a ball in Sansom street Hall, Philadelphia, Monday evening, 15th inst., a man named William Owen had occasion to draw down the lower sash of the east window, and while in the act of doing so, the window being very high, his hands slipped, and he was precipitated out of the window to the ground beneath, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

Two thousand letters were opened at the Dead Letter Office, during the month of March.

The discovery of a mortgage of a million of dollars, held by Asariah C. Flagg and C. E. Habicht, against the Houston, Texas, Railroad, has occasioned considerable excitement.

The real estate of Mr. Zimmerman, lately killed in the Canadian railroad accident, is estimated to be worth \$7,000,000.



EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER J. N. SCOTT NEAR SERAPIQUI, SAN JUAN RIVER, NICARAGUA, WHEREBY FIFTY FILIBUSTERS WERE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

EXPLOSION OF THE J. N. SCOTT, NEAR SERAPIQUI, SAN JUAN RIVER, NICARAGUA.

There is an old saying that troubles never come single, and while we hear for the first time discouraging accounts from Gen. Walker, we also have to read a terrible steamboat accident, which has been the means of sacrificing many lives among filibusters. It would seem that immediately after the repulse of Col. Titus at Castillo, the works at Serapiqui were destroyed and all the buildings burnt; in consequence the troops then at that point embarked on board the river steamers, March 22, and proceeded to Fort Slatler, a place about twenty miles below Castillo, and named after a gentleman of New Orleans who had largely contributed to the filibuster cause. The forces at this point joined those from below on board the two steamers Rescue and J. N. Scott, making about 300 able men, besides about 100 sick and wounded. This included the 150 recruits who had just previously arrived from New Orleans under command of Major Capers, and a number of whom were taken sick soon after reaching San Juan. From Fort Slatler the steamers ran up to Kelly's store, about eight miles below Castillo, where the greater portion were landed and marched around the rapids. About eighty men under Capt. Schlicht were left at the store to hold the position. Above the rapids the men were again taken on board, and the steamers proceeded to within view of Fort Castillo, when it was discovered that the enemy had more strongly fortified the place by the construction of water batteries, and more particularly by throwing up works on Nelson's Hill—an elevation on the same side of the river, a little below Castillo. According to appearance, the Costa Ricans had concentrated all their available forces at Nelson's Hill and Fort Castillo, and the general opinion was that it would require not less than 2,000 men to dislodge them. The steamers halted during the survey within two-thirds cannon-shot of Nelson's Hill, where they could see men passing to and fro on the hill, but no fire was opened upon them.

After a prolonged consultation it was decided that to make an attack would be highly imprudent, promising no successful result, and that nothing remained but to retire at once. The steamers then headed down stream, and stopped at Kelly's store, where they took on board the men left at that place under Capt. Schlicht. On the 31st of March, got up steam and headed for San Juan, with a sort of scow-built craft in tow, carrying the cannon, arms, equipments, &c. When about a mile above Serapiqui, the Scott ran on to a sand-bar and stuck fast; and it was here the explosion occurred. The Scott, it will be recollected, was a stern-wheel boat, and the boiler and machinery were located towards the after part. At the time, a large number of men were gathered about the furnace, roasting crackers, and otherwise cooking. Our informant was in the act of descending the cabin stairs, with the aid of crutches, when the explosion happened. He was thrown on his back, but sustained no serious injury. About twenty men were killed outright, missing included, and eight or ten have died since; not far from thirty men were more or less scalded in addition. The cause of the explosion was the supposed defective condition of the steam apparatus, and the carelessness of the engineer. From the blackened condition of the faces of the

scalded, some thought at first powder had been maliciously placed in contact with the furnace. There was a larger quantity of powder on board, but luckily it was stowed forward, and was not ignited.

Immediately after the explosion the scalded were placed on board of the launch, and the Rescue taking it in tow, started for Punta Arenas. A number of the men were left on the Scott for the time, as that vessel, being partly aground, did not entirely sink. On arriving at Punta Arenas, some eight or ten surgeons, from the vessels composing the British fleet, came on board, and tendered their services to dress the wounds of the disabled. They contributed all the kind attentions in their power, and are entitled to much praise for the same.

Upwards of one million and a quarter dollars have been subscribed for the six new banks to be started in St. Louis.

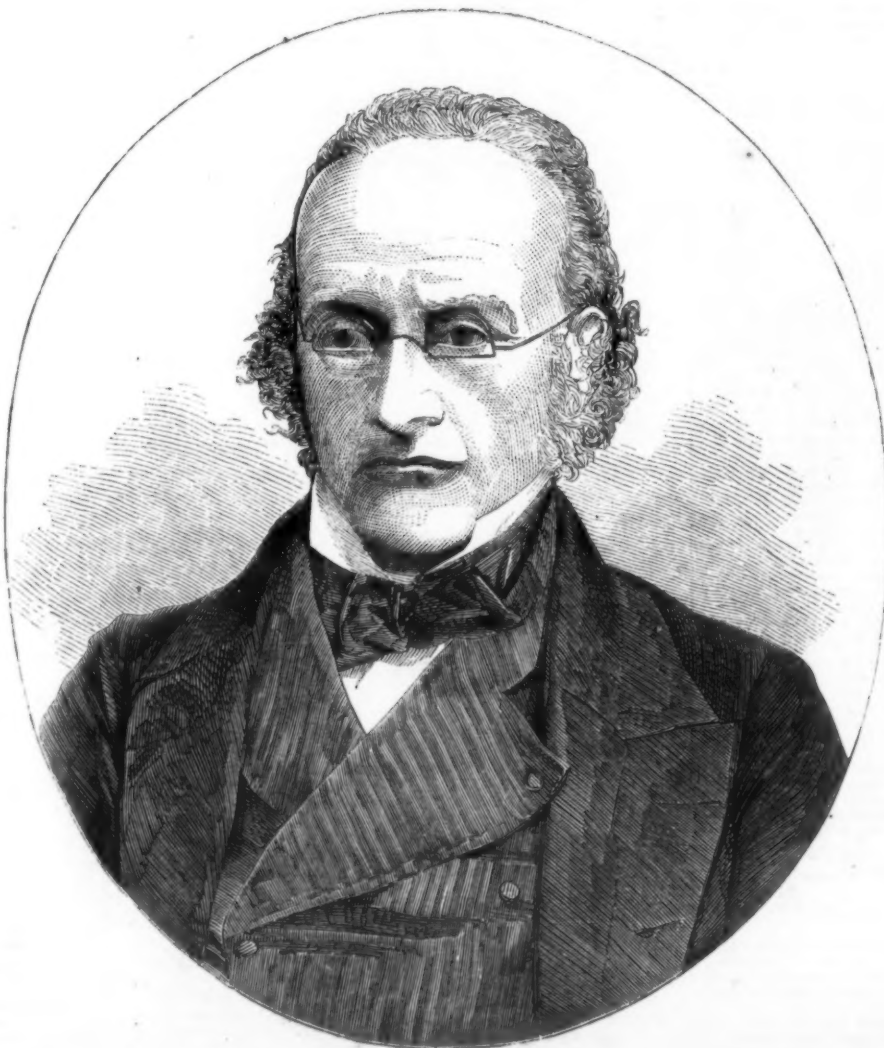
SIR JOHN BOWRING.

About sixty-five years ago, on the 17th of October, 1792, Sir John Bowring was born at Exeter, England. His family had for a long time been connected with the woollen trade in the West of England; and he received the elements of his education at a rustic school near Dartmoor. His regular studies were, however, interrupted. At fourteen, he was called from his books to assist in the trade of his father, which mainly consisted in preparing goods for China and the Spanish Peninsula. While thus engaged in duties which are harsh to those who "want something to occupy the mind," young Bowring formed studious habits, and strove to acquire knowledge of every description. His principal ambition being to master languages, he succeeded, before his sixteenth year, in acquiring French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; and ere long he made himself proficient in the Dutch and German tongues. His subsequent efforts in this line were

attended with marvellous success; and, as time passed on, he learned to speak and write the Slavonic dialects, in Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Slovakian, and Illyrian; the Scandinavian, in Icelandic, Swedish, and Danish; Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Frisian, and Allemanish; Esthonian, Lettish and Finnish; Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provençal, and Gascon; Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Catalanian, Valencian, and Galician!

Bowring had early turned his attention to the literature and economy of commerce, and his great ability, as well as his extensive acquirements, at length brought him into notice with the English government. In 1828 he was sent to the Low Countries, to examine into the manner of keeping the public accounts. He was engaged with Sir Henry Parnell, in a similar mission in France, in 1830; and his reports in both these spheres were laid before Parliament. In the following year, in conjunction with Mr. Villiers, he examined the tariffs of England and France, with the view to their relaxation. In 1834 Dr. Bowring proceeded to Belgium, and in 1835 to Switzerland, visiting also Italy in 1836, and subsequently Egypt, with a view of promoting the principles of free-trade in their application to commerce.

While in youth Dr. Bowring became a political pupil of Jeremy Bentham; and he afterwards maintained his master's principles for some years in the *Westminster Review*, of which, at one period, he exercised the functions of editor. He had always been a consistent advocate of parliamentary reform; and when the great battle had been fought and the victory won, he appeared as the candidate for the representation of Blackburn. Unsuccessful at that place, he was subsequently elected by the inhabitants of Bolton, and sat in Parliament till 1849, when he was appointed by Lord J. Russell to be British Consul at Hong Kong. While on his way to China, in 1849, the people of Malta presented Dr. Bowring with a handsome service of plate, as a reward for his advocacy in Parliament of the interests of the Maltese. He returned to England in 1853, and in the following year he was honored with knighthood, and appointed to the Governorship of Hong Kong, an office which he forthwith assumed, and has since held. In 1855 he proceeded on a mission



SIR JOHN BOWRING, BRITISH COMMISSIONER, CHINA.

to the King of Siam, and during a brief sojourn in that country succeeded in negotiating a treaty of commerce in every way advantageous to British interests.

As an author, Sir John Bowring has won high reputation. He is better known by his poetical than by his political writings, and has supplied a number of versions of the poetical literature



A NATIVE MAN OF AUSTRALIA.

of various races of whom little before was known. His "Matins and Vespers," "Russian Anthology," and other writings, have found their way in reprints to the United States. Groningen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws and Philosophy. He is also a member of the Institute of the Netherlands, of the Asiatic Societies of Paris and London, and of the Royal Societies of Bavaria and Hungary. The poetry of Bohemia and Hungary were first made known to this country through the medium of his translations. Sir John Bowring's latest work, entitled "The People and Kingdom of Siam," has only made its appearance during the last week or two. Sir John Bowring is less known than he should be, in his own land, as a poet, and as the accomplished translator of the poetry of foreign nations. His translation of the Russian poet Derzhavin's beautiful composition on "The Supreme Being," is one of his finest productions, and has been extensively circulated in the East and elsewhere.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NATIVES.

As the aboriginal tribes of Australia disappear before the march



HUNTING THE EMU BY THE SOUTH AUSTRALIANS.

of civilization, it may be interesting to chronicle pictorially a few of their peculiarities and characteristics. This we are enabled to do by aid of the sketch-books of travelled correspondents and the assistance of photography—the two accompanying portraits, fine specimens of the natives of South Australia, being engraved from photographs recently received from that colony.

Mrs. Clay, in her very agreeable volume on Australian experiences, gives the following characteristics of the aborigines:

I have heard some intelligent colonists remark that the low condition of the aborigines may perhaps be traced to the peculiar state of the country they inhabit. There is nothing indigenous like rice or corn—no grain; so that the greater portion of their life and ingenuity is devoted to the capture of the kangaroo and other animals. Instead, therefore, of their mental organs being

called into action by a variety of wants, objects, or pursuits, the necessity for invention or construction has been lessened, and their whole energies concentrated upon the one great object of their existence—the chase. This must degrade man to a mere creature of instinct; and to such a state the aborigines of Australia appear reduced.

As regards the religion of the natives, I believe their principles



A NATIVE WOMAN OF AUSTRALIA.

belief is in an evil spirit, of which they have a great dread, imagining that it walks about at night; and they therefore avoid, when dark, the vicinity of their burial-grounds. These burial-grounds I have attempted to describe elsewhere. They frequently burn the aged dead; and, should a woman die having a young infant, the living child is buried with the mother. The name of the dead is never mentioned; and any one in the same tribe having a similar name is obliged to take another.

The aboriginal method of courtship would not be admired by white ladies. The native, having determined on his future spouse—who is generally selected from another tribe—steals upon her secretly when she is at a little distance from the protectors, and stuns her by striking her with a wooden club or wattle, and then drags her away to his own tribe. This is often the cause of their going to war.

Naturally, the natives wear no clothing; but, if any article of dress be given them, they are proud to array themselves in it. The manner in which they wrap a blanket around them, fastening it over one shoulder, is very graceful. The women are exceedingly susceptible to gay colors—I suppose the nature of the sex is the same in all climes—and accept a bright pocket handkerchief or a few beads with as much delight as an English girl



THE HOUSE OF ESING (ALLUM), THE SUPPOSED CHINESE POISONER, HONG-KONG, CHINA. SEE PAGE 334.

would receive a Parisian bonnet, or a souvenir from Howell and James's. The greatest passion of the aborigines is revenge; and, even if one of them dies a natural death, they fling spears at one of his friends until blood appears—hence their universal hostility to the white man. They can never forget nor forgive the atrocities perpetrated upon them by some of the early settlers, who at one time used to hunt them down like wild beasts, and fire at any they came upon, however inoffensive they might be. The features of the aborigines are not pleasing, being very coarse. Their lips are thick, with flat noses and low, receding foreheads. They are not, generally speaking, tall or well made, neither are they particularly strong. Their going about in such numbers alone makes them dangerous.

The number of aborigines is not great, and it is steadily decreasing. Several tribes have already wholly disappeared. Many efforts have been made to protect them, and to induce them to adopt settled and industrious habits, but with various success. Schools have been established by the Government, but the young people almost invariably when passing out of childhood, throw off their clothes and return to their native haunts and habits. A few girls become house servants, but they are easily induced to leave for the woods. Of late there has, however, been a somewhat important change. The impossibility of obtaining a sufficient number of white shepherds and laborers caused many stock-keepers to offer good money wages to the natives instead of merely giving them food and clothes, as was before the custom, and to adapt the service to their feelings. The result is said to have been very generally beneficial. They show little inclination, or rather considerable dislike, for manual labor; but they make very good hut-keepers, are careful and gentle as shepherds, and make excellent stockkeepers; and large numbers are now so employed, as well as in wool-washing, and other work connected with sheep and cattle farming. It remains to be seen, however, whether it will be possible to overcome to any extent their migratory habits, which have hitherto always prevented any permanent settlement.

HUNTING THE EMU AMONG THE SOUTH AUSTRALIANS.

The taking of the emu is a favorite sport of the aborigines. The emu is caught in very large nets, twenty yards long and five feet high, which are here made of the roots of the marsh, baked and chewed, and then spun. Several natives will watch the emus as they go to drink at the lagoons, having heard the birds whistling, and set their nets in readiness; they then drive the emus towards the nets, where other natives are lying in ambush; the birds get frightened and entangled, the natives rush upon them, and when in the net seize hold of them and kill them with spears and warris. They catch the wallaby with nets about fifteen yards long and two feet high; parties go out and set these nets across the paths which the animals take when they come out of the bush to feed, and women are sent round to the further end of the thicket, where they make a loud noise, and drive the wallaby into the nets.

WHOLESALE POISONING AT HONG-KONG.

It is the custom of the Parsees and other natives of India to eat an early first breakfast. Early in the morning a medical gentleman resident of Hong-Kong was called upon to prescribe for several Parsees and Moormen laboring under the effects of what appeared to be poison. As the persons applying were from different houses, and having servants of their own country, the only suspicious article was, naturally, the bread supplied to them from the Easing shop, a Chinese bakery. As the morning advanced numerous cases of sickness occurred. After being tolerably satisfied of the nature of the case, the doctor's first course was to go to the police and report it, and advise that every man in the Easing shop should be arrested. The arrest was effected after some time, the persons taken into custody amounting to forty-nine; but Allum, the principal partner, and his family—consisting of himself, his father, son, two women, and children—were found to be missing, and on inquiry it was discovered that the whole family had started early in the morning for Macao in the Shamrock. From various sources we learned that Allum had busily engaged the previous day in settling up long-outstanding accounts which parties had dunned him to settle up for months before. One of these parties was one of the owners of the steamer Shamrock, and during the arrangement of the accounts Allum was particularly anxious to be assured of a passage for his family to Macao the next morning. Suspicion immediately alighted more particularly on him. Had it depended on our Government to pursue and capture him he would have escaped, but for a want of precaution on his part (supposing him to be the guilty man). The steamer Shamrock had been supplied with the bread from the Easing shop, and all who partook of it experienced the same effects as the parties on shore; this aroused the suspicions of the captain of the steamer, Mr. Antonio (formerly of the Endeavour lorch), and he, knowing he had the baker on board, retained him and his family, believing that the bread delivered in Hong-Kong would be of the same kind, and that all supplied would have been poisoned. A very active private citizen, Mr. W. M. Robinet, did what the Government should have done, and chartered a private steamer, the Spark, which got under weigh at eleven o'clock, and reached Macao from two to three hours after the Shamrock. The atrocious attempt has, we are thankful to say, failed in every case, and, although two or three hundred people must have partaken of the poisoned food, no lives have been lost. Many suffered very severely—none more so than the family of Sir John Bowring—Lady Bowring more particularly. Two children who were incautiously allowed to eat some of the bread a second time were at one time in considerable danger. A careful analysis by the medical men of the colony has shown that the poison was arsenic. Our sketch represents the house of Easing (very properly called Allum), the baker, who supplied the bread poisoned with arsenic from which so many people suffered at Hong-Kong, and who, with his father and eight of his workmen, were tried before a Council of War, legally constituted, of an attempt to poison the English Chargé d' Affaires and his family. After an investigation which lasted five days, Allum and his fellow-prisoners obtained a verdict of not guilty.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—The London *Lancet* says that there are a quarter million of persons living in Great Britain constantly under ground in the darkness of mines. The average age of Sheffield workmen is thirty-five years; the average of the grinders of needles very much under this figure. The chief diseases among tailors is fistula; among bakers, scrofula and skin diseases; the latter may prevent the flour insects and weevils from irritating the skin of their hands by rubbing them with oil. The most dangerous part of the painter's trade is "flitting"—white lead, turpentine, and closely heated rooms, generate cholera; the remedy is sulphuric acid, cleanliness, tubs of fresh water and fresh air; and, as an antidote, the more frequent use of white zinc or zinc of lead. In the manufacture of lucifer matches, heated or allotropic phosphorus is said to be not so dangerous to the jawbones as ordinary phosphorus.

A writer in one of the London papers asserts that cast iron is the best known material for cannon. One of the cast iron guns taken at the capture of Bomarsund underwent an experimental trial, and the Russian metal, contrary to all expectation, withstood the experiment unharmed. The great object is to save the iron properly made. Iron smelted with common coal is inferior to that smelted with common charcoal, and herein consists the secret of the superiority of the Russian cast iron guns.

Here is a venerable marriage notice of the "olden time," taken from the New York *Weekly Museum*, June 9, 1897. Adjectives in those days were cheap and plenty: "MARRYED.—On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Beah, John Buchanan, Esq., to the amiable, adorable, incomparable, unsimile, and unsurpassable of his sex, Nancy Ledy Tupper, both of this city."

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

By the latest arrival from Europe we glean the following intelligence:—In England the borough elections were over and the county elections progressing. The Palmerstonians say they will have a good working majority in the new House of Commons, and that the opposition have lost nineteen seats; while the opposition assert that only five seats are lost, and that Palmerston will have too small a majority to go on with. Notices from the liberal side have been already given to contest twenty-five conservative returns. M. T. Baines is the ministerial candidate for speaker, and will be opposed by Mr. Pitaroy. The total number of members returned to the new Parliament up to the 3d instant, at noon, was 555. The *Globe* says that of these 555 are liberals and 210 Tories. The revenue returns show an increase of £115,000 on the past quarter to the 31st of March. The ratification of the Sound dues treaty have been exchanged at Copenhagen. Hitherto the receipt of payment of the Sound dues was considered equivalent to a quarantine certificate in the Russian ports of the Baltic; but the Sound dues having now been suppressed, the Imperial government has issued a notice to the effect that all foreign vessels bound to the Russian ports of the Baltic are to be provided with bills of health from the port of departure. Those vessels which, on their way, have put into French, British, Dutch, or Norwegian ports, must provide themselves with quarantine certificates from those ports, and cause them to be attested by the Russian Consul.

The Neuchâtel Conference has held its sixth meeting, at which, it was supposed, the first protocol was paraphrased.

From Madrid, March 21, it is reported that even in the case of an arrangement with Mexico, a Spanish force will occupy some portion of the Mexican territory to protect Spanish subjects.

Austria has issued a new circular complaining of Sardinia's continued insulting conduct.

The Prussian Government has announced that Prussia will persist in her course respecting the Danish Duchies, and the Prussian ports and coast are to be placed in a state of defence.

Details of news from China are also received, confirming the previous telegraphic summary. The report that the Chinese Emperor had ordered Com missioner Yeh to conclude peace with the British on any terms, is repeated; but even more definite information is required for it to obtain belief. It was reported from Hong Kong, Feb. 16, that an American ship, supposed to be the Highflyer, was wrecked in the fall of 1885, at Formosa, where the crew were massacred and the hull burned by the natives.

The *Hortung Gazette* announces a diminution in the Russian Customs tariff. Woollens and cottons are reduced by one-half; ribbons of all kinds from 4 roubles to 2; cloth from 1 rouble to 40 kopecks; silk goods and printed silks remain at 4 roubles; articles of linen are reduced from 60 to 35 per cent.; linen cloth is increased by 25 per cent. The last Russian reports on operations in the Caucasus state that the Russians have received large reinforcements. The 41st Regiment of the Cossacks of the Don, which distinguished itself in the Crimea, has already arrived there, and it is certainly not the only Cossack regiment which has received that destination. The troops of the 20th division, commanded by Gen. Jewdakino, and intended to act in the Caucasus, are more numerous than those of an ordinary one, having 19½ battalions of infantry and nine companies of riflemen, in place of sixteen battalions, the general allowance. Besides all this, the depot and reserve battalions have joined this corps. On the whole the Russians have almost double the forces they had last year in the Caucasus; and are besides assisted by excellent militia raised from amongst the subjected population.

The British fleet has finally left the Bosphorus, thus evacuating the Turkish waters. The inquiry into the filibustering expedition to Circassia in the steamer Kangaroo is terminated, and Ferhad Pasha and Ismail Bey are to be tried as the instigators.

The Swedish Government has just demanded from the Storting of Norway an extraordinary credit of one million of francs, to be employed between the 1st of July, 1887, and the 1st of July, 1890, in unforeseen and indispensable warlike armaments.

On the occasion of the recent negotiations at Paris with Ferak Khan, the Queen of England recommended that a gold snuff box, enriched with diamonds, should be presented to the secretary's interpreter attached to the French Ministry of the Foreign Office.

The London *Times* of April 2 says: "The preparations for the Atlantic telegraph are expected to be completed by the time originally named. About 650 miles of the cable out of the 2,300 are now finished, and the aggregate rate of construction at the works of Messrs. Kuper & Co., at Greenwich, and Messrs. Newall & Co., at Birkenhead, is more than 200 miles per week. The whole line is to be shipped by the end of June, and the communication is hoped to be established by the middle of July."

A despatch from Berlin, of the 3d inst., says: "The Emperor of Russia has definitely renounced his intended visit to Western Europe. Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Gen. Suchosanet, Minister of War, are expected here shortly."

Advices from Madrid, the 1st inst., says: "It is not correct that Marshal O'Donnell intends to issue a manifesto. The Duke de Montpensier has given up his foreign tour."

Accounts from Vienna state that the Austrian Government, on hearing of the violation of their territory by the Montenegrins, immediately ordered (by telegraph) General de Mamula, Governor of Dalmatia, to demand complete satisfaction; that is, the release of Lucas Radovitch, and the punishment of the offenders. In case of refusal, Austria menaces to blockade the frontiers of Montenegro.

The Gibraltar *Chronicle* of the 25th ult. says: "Orders were received yesterday by the Pera from his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief for Major General Sir Robert Garrett, now commanding the first brigade in this garrison, to proceed to China by the steamer expected on the 9th proximo, where he is to have a command in the expedition preparing in England to be sent out against the Chinese."

The Bank of Egypt remitted, on the 28th ult., the Egyptian tribute to London, their tender being the lowest, and equivalent to exchange of about 100½ for three months' bills.

The report that the King of Siam has despatched an Envoy Extraordinary to Europe, is true. The choice of the king has fallen on one of the principal officers of his household, named Ghibel Attaka, who was to have embarked in the month of January in an English ship.

At the Irish elections the balance of parties is not disturbed, except in the case of Mr. Under Secretary Ball, who is at present unprovided with a seat; but there is a chance, only a faint one, of his late seat for Carlow county being gained by the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby.

A letter from Naples on the 23d of March states that the government has issued orders to hold in readiness the frigates *Parthenope* and *Regina* of 64 guns each. The Brigadier Bracco, director-general of the naval department, had freighted several of the largest and best merchant ships in the port. It was said at Naples that the merchant ships were to sail after Easter, laden with political prisoners, for the Argentine republic, and to be escorted by the two frigates. It would appear from the preparations made by the government that a great number of political prisoners are about to be transported to South America. Nevertheless, it is a positive fact that the number of prisoners who have agreed to submit to transportation is very small. The question is asked, does the government mean to use force, and compel the State prisoners to proceed to America against their will, or does it propose to send State prisoners and felons mixed together? Many persons believe that the government will compel all those, whether military or civil, to expatriate themselves who have been arrested for the simple reason that they were friends, relatives or acquaintances of Milano, the soldier who in December last attempted to assassinate the king.

A despatch from Constantinople, of 23d of March, says: "The Russians are concentrating considerable forces in Ekaterinodar and Anapa. The successes of the Circassians are confirmed. Mehmet Bey is taking energetic measures to repel an attack by the Russians, which is thought imminent."

The convention concluded between Queen Victoria and the Sultan of Morocco has been published. The Sultan of Morocco engages to abolish all monopolies or prohibitions on imported goods, except tobacco, pipes of all kinds used for smoking, opium, sulphur, powder, saltpetre, lead, arms of all kinds and ammunition of war; and further, to abolish all monopolies of agricultural produce, or of any other article whatsoever in the dominions of the Sultan, except leeches, bark, tobacco, and other herbs used for smoking in pipes.

The latest news from Nicaragua is somewhat adverse to the fortunes of Walker, but we think it will prove less disastrous than the enemies of the cause seem to hope and expect.

Colonel Lockridge, who at last accounts was threatening to attack Castillo, had abandoned the intention and retreated from his position, leaving the whole of the San Juan river in complete possession of the Costa Ricans.

A dreadful explosion had occurred on board the old transit steamer J. N. Scott, and sixty lives (filibusters) are reported to have been lost. The Tennessee brought a number of Lockridge's command on board, in addition about fifty sick and wounded.

NAVY.

The steam frigates *Mississippi* and *Minnesota*, and the sloop-of-war *Germania*, have been ordered to prepare for departure to the East Indies.

The frigate *Cumberland* will be the flag-ship of the African squadron. Charles Crowell, ordinary seaman, was tried by court martial on board the United States steamship *Wabash*, on Tuesday last, the 6th instant, for striking Midshipman Blodgett, and was found guilty, but has not yet received his sentence.

The frigate *Potomac* will go into the dry dock as soon as the Vincennes is repaired, while the new frigate *Sabine* will be left lying up till she rots. The *Sabine* has never been to sea.

Capt. Rich, United States Marines, who now commands the *Niagara*'s guard, has been replaced at the Brooklyn barracks by Capt. Beade, the strictest disciplinarian and the most soldier-like officer in the service. Capt. Fausell now has charge of the receiving ship *North Carolina*'s guard.

The United States steam frigate *Susquehanna*, frigate *Congress*, and sloop-of-war *Constellation*, were at Spiesa on the 20th of March.

The Naval Court of Inquiry, in Washington, continued on Saturday the case of Commander Ogden, and Commander C. C. Turner, Captain Wm. Jameson, Lieut. Wm. E. LeRoy and Surgeon Robert Woodworth were examined. On Monday morning they met at the usual hour, and commenced the examination of Capt. Francis R. Ellison.

We learn that the *Niagara* will probably be ready for sea on Saturday next, by which time the damage to her machinery will be repaired. It is now intended to make her voyage to England this week, so that she will not return to this port until the object of the expedition in which she is to take a part—the laying of the great submarine cable between the Old World and the New—shall have been accomplished. The *Mississippi* will not accompany the *Niagara* to England, as she has received orders to sail for China, and the *Merrimac*, which it was supposed would take her place, is not and will not be ready for sea in time for the expedition. Orders, however, have been sent to the United States steamship *Susquehanna*, now in the Mediterranean, to repair to England and assist the *Niagara* in laying the cable. Professor Morse goes out in the latter vessel.

The Secretary of the Navy, owing to a pressure of other business, has not acted on the findings in the four cases decided by the Naval Court of Inquiry. The scales are not even broken.

The third Naval Court of Inquiry will meet next Monday. It is composed of Captains Kearney, Newton and Storer; neither of whom was promoted by the late retiring Board.

The United States steam-frigate *Wabash*, Frederick Engle, Lieut. commanding, received sailing orders, and left her anchorage off the Battery at 10 o'clock on the 20th. Her destination is Aspinwall. The *Wabash* is the flag-ship of the home squadron.

ARMY.

INSTRUCTIONS have been issued from the War Department, ordering General Harney and troops immediately from Florida to Fort Leavenworth. Col. Sumner, with a force of about 1,000 men, has also been ordered against the Iowa and Cheyenne Indians. On the restoration of peace in those quarters, he will proceed with his troops to Utah.

It is estimated that early in June there will be at least 3,000 United States troops in Kansas under the command of Major General Harney and Penifer F. Smith.

OBITUARY.

HON. SAMUEL BRETON, Member of Congress from Indiana, died at his residence in Fort Wayne, a few days ago, from the disease, it is alleged, he had contracted at the National Hotel in Washington.

The Yorkville (S. C.) *Enquirer* says that Mr. Samuel Turner died on Thursday week, aged 98 years. On the Saturday following, his daughter, Miss Sarah Turner, died at the age of 72 years. Through her father's long life she had remained with him, his support and comforter.

The Hon. Malbone Watson, one of the Judges of the Third Judicial District, this State, died at New Orleans on the 1st inst., whether he had gone for the benefit of his health. Judge W. was an accomplished lawyer, and was very popular in his district.

FINANCIAL.

THE annexed statement exhibits the value of foreign goods imported into this port for the week and for the year ending Thursday, April 16, 1887:

	1885.	1886.	1887.
Entered at this port.....	\$869,280	2,246,266	1,022,190
Thrown on market.....	1,003,301	2,072,242	869,248
<i>Sine January 1.</i>			
Entered at this port.....	17,764,870	33,022,042	34,521,834
Thrown on market.....	18,758,159	34,073,047	34,308,203

The Union Bank has thrown out the circulating notes of the Wild Cat concern in New Jersey, known as the Commercial Bank of Perth Amboy, against which the warnings of the press have been frequent and repeated, and there is no one left in this quarter to redeem or buy at any respectable discount the circulation, which in spite of these warnings has been forced on the community.

The Assistant Treasurer reports on the 17th inst. as follows:
Total receipts.....\$250,693 39
Total payments.....218,626 50
Total balance.....14,973,617 01

A large sale of real estate took place at the Merchants Exchange on the 1st inst., but the bidding was very slow and the prices ranged low. Some eighty lots, many with first class houses on them, were disposed of, the amount realized for which was nearly \$180,000.

OPERATIONS in real estate for the week ending April 18:—5 lots on 98th street, near 11th avenue, each 25x100, \$400 each, \$2,450; 12 lots adjoining, each 25x100, 395 each, 4,740; 4 lots on 97th street, near 11th avenue, each 25x100, 490 each, 1,960; country seat at Fort Washington, 40 acres, 92,450; 2 lots on 96th street, near 11th avenue, each 25x100, 490 each, 980; 7 lots adjoining, each 25x100, 500 each, 3,500; 2 lots on 97th street, near 11th avenue, each 25x100, 490 each, 980; 7 lots adjoining, each 25x100, 500 each, 3,500; house and lot, 80 Columbia street, 25x100, 6,400; house and lot on 40th street, near 9th avenue, 16x98, 4,400; 8 lots on 86th street, near 5th avenue, 1,450 each, 11,600; 6 lots on 110th street, near 11th avenue, each 25x100, 275 each, 1,375; 2 gores on 112th street, near 10th avenue, 305 each, 610; 1 gore corner 11th avenue and 110th street, 25x100, 475; 2 gores corner 73d street and 2d avenue, 25x100, 850 each, 1,700; 1 gore corner 45th street and 10th avenue, 25x100, 1,750; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 1,225; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 1,075; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 1,025; 1 gore opposite corner, 25x100, 1,875; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 950; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 800; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 850; 1 gore on rear on 45th street, 25x100, 675; 1 gore adjoining, 25x100, 650; 1 gore, 25x100, 700; 1 gore, 25x100, 800; lot corner Leroy place and Mercer street, 25 and 26x189.10 and 132.10, 20,000; house and lot No. 32 Stanton st., 25x100, north side, 7,550; 72 lots on 56th street, 4th avenue, 6th avenue and 68th street, each 25x100, 1,400 each, 100,800; 3 lots on 55th street, near 4th avenue, each 25x100, 1,955 each, 5,865; 7 lots on 54th street, near 4th avenue, each 25x100, 2,000 each, 14,000; house and lot on 44th street, near 10th ave., 20x100, 6,300; 1 lot on 42d street, near 11th avenue, 25x100, 1,575.

BROOKLYN.—1 lot on Warren street, near Carlton avenue, 25x131, \$450; 1 lot on Warren street, near Carlton avenue, 25x131, 450; 3 lots on Warren street, near Carlton avenue, 25x131, 440; 1 lot on Flatbush avenue, corner Butler street, large gore lot, 1,000; 1 lot adjoining, 30x99.5, 850; 1 lot adjoining, 30.116.10, 850; 1 lot adjoining, 30x124.2, 950; 1 lot adjoining, 27.1x28.7, 950; 1 gore lot at junction of Flatbush avenue and Douglas street, size 58x64x28, 515; 1 lot on west side Flatbush avenue, near Butler street, 25x112, 350; 1 lot adjoining, 25x105, 850; 1 lot north side Douglas street, adjoining the above, 25x100, 400; 1 lot adjoining, 25x89.8, 400; 6 lots on and east of northeast corner of Vanderbilt place and Baltic street, 35x100, each 425; 1 lot and gore on corner of Baltic street and Brooklyn Flatbush turnpike, size 25x105 and 23, 350; 6 lots in Vanderbilt place and Douglas street, each 455; house and lot on Lafayette avenue, near Carlton, 22.6x100, 6,100.

WILLIAMSBURG.—House and lot 282 Second Street, 25x104, \$2,800.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.—NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We take off our hat to Philadelphia. We honor its instant appreciation of genius; we respect its judgment which could separate the gilt from the gingerbread, the refined glitter from the solid substance—which could forget the brilliant and received style which has obtained for a year or two past on our operatic stage, while weighing the merits of a young aspirant less mechanically gifted. But our friends in Philadelphia were wrong to be exercised because their favorite Gazzaniga was not immediately recognised in New York as the great creature which she really is. Everything was adverse to her first appearance. She herself was suffering from sickness, and gave but little evidence of the greatness of her power—everybody was wet and everything was damp and uncomfortable. But with renewed health and recovered power she takes a new position, and has arisen in our horizon as a star of the first magnitude. We recognise her as the greatest dramatic vocalist that has visited America since the days of the youthful Malibran—whom, by-the-by, she equals, nay, perhaps surpasses, in intense force of passionate declamation.

Madame Marietta Gazzaniga is quite young; we dare not even hazard a guess at her age, but she is most certainly very youthful, and the joyful, soulful spirit of youth speaks out in every gesture, bursts forth in every ringing tone of her fresh, bright voice. If her features are not quite regular—if her face is not entirely beautiful, it must be the spirituality of her nature that gives to every play of her countenance an indescribable charm, which, if it is not beauty, is certainly the sublimed essence to the beautiful. Her face is the mirror of every emotion of her heart and mind, and every reflection is a recalled truth of the earnestness of her feeling. Her voice is pure and delicious in quality, sonorous and powerful in its strength, and in its most subdued whisper it retains its integrity of tone. It does not possess a natural, involuntary flexibility, but we are satisfied that a little direct study will give her all that mere mechanism of vocalization which she requires; but if that is to be acquired at a sacrifice of one iota of the breadth and strength of her present style, we trust that it may never be acquired. Now, she looks at the reality of music; she develops its sentiment and passion; she feels that all its truth is in its substance, and that all its trappings and gauds sink into insignificance beside one burst of genuine passion or strong emotion. She may not be able to sing scales, diatonic or chromatic, with the fluent frivolity of some boarding-school misce— which is the grand discovery of some of the large ladies; but in all that constitutes a singer—intensity, earnestness, strong individuality, enthusiastic abandon to the situation, and lightning flashes of impetuous genius, she stands without a rival. Hers is the grandeur of art which is all-sufficient in itself; and while following it in its directness of purpose and its breadth and truthfulness of conception, we should blush to stop to point out the want of those mechanical tricks of art, which are as dust thrown into the eyes of the crowd to conceal the absence of soul and inspiration.

As an actress we know no one, save Laura Keane, who approaches the level of Madame Gazzaniga. Nature has made her graceful, and every action is poetry in motion; art has not robbed her of a particle of womanly delicacy, but has rather refined in her all that was naturally beautiful, so that the divine spirituality of woman, in which we all anchor our belief, reveals itself even amidst the darkness and obscurity of sad and blighting surroundings. From the first to the last the character of Violetta was never lost sight of; the creation of the author was faithfully portrayed. In the first Violetta, the

victim of circumstances, floats with the tide which is carrying her recklessly onward; but she has ever dreamed of a home and pure love. She meets with Alfred, and in his devotedness she sees the realization of her dreams, although with woman's instinctive delicacy and self-abnegation she believes that her past unhappy, regretted life, places an unsurmountable barrier to their marriage. Still the purity of her love for him combined with untold sacrifices, are offerings of a repentant heart on the altar of the past. Her dream of happiness and atonement is rudely dissipated, and she makes the last and greatest sacrifice in quitting him that he and those dear to him may not suffer from the blight of her presence. She dies in her despair to the only friend she has ever known—she is publicly reviled and exposed by him for whom she has made the only sacrifice in her power, and she goes home to die. It matters not that her lover returns to cheer her last moments, she is explaining the past and dying in her youth just as life had become hopeful and the future held forth a promise that the past might be redeemed. She dies chastened by sorrow, and the moral conveyed by this conception of the character is unmistakable in its application, and applies not alone to the class of which she is an unfortunate member, but to society as it is now constituted. Madame Gazzaniga portrayed this character with wonderful power, and absorbed the active sympathies of her audience. The last act, as a triumph of vocal and dramatic power, we have never seen exceeded. We shall never forget that burst of sublime anguish which sprung from her heart as she uttered the words, "Gran Dio! morir si giovane!" It was electric in its effect and sent a thrill through every heart. We remember a hundred other points of high dramatic and vocal beauties, but we have neither time nor space to indulge, as we would wish, in the details of this great performance. She was repeatedly called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience.

We have heard Madame Gazzaniga but once, but this single hearing has sufficed to establish her in our judgment as one of the greatest artists we ever heard or saw, in every point a leader in the preceding lines, and we gladly pay this homage to her surpassing genius.

We never heard Brignoli sing half as well; he seemed inspired to excel himself by the grand excellence of the prima donna. Amodio was painfully hoarse, but did all he could. The chorus was admirable, and the orchestra, though generally too loud, equally excellent. Max Maretzek conducted, and his care and efficiency was evidenced in the whole performance.

CONCERT OF MADAME PATANIA.—Previous to her departure for Europe Madame Patania will give a concert at Niblo's Saloon. Our readers are well acquainted with the merits of this excellent artist, and will be glad of the opportunity of hearing her again. The leading feature of the evening will be the appearance, by special and exceptional favor, of Mr. W. H. Paine, of Madame Gazzaniga, and Brignoli. Morelli and other excellent artists will also assist, so that the occasion will be one of great interest.

MISS EMERSON'S READER.—The series of readings on Monday, May 10th. The entertainment will be "Evenings with Tom Moore," and will afford Miss Emerson an opportunity of displaying her powers to the best advantage. She has a host of admirers who will be glad to welcome her back.

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the Philharmonic Society for the present season takes place on Saturday evening, April 25th, at the Academy of Music. The programme is very attractive, and the solo performers are Miss Brainerd and Mr. Henry C. Timm. It will be a fashionable and brilliant affair. The last rehearsal takes place at the Academy, at 10 A. M., on Saturday next, the day of the concert.

CANDID AND HONEST ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Philadelphia papers, in a spirit of commendable humility, acknowledge "that they cannot send us first-rate artists, nor furnish us with good taste." The fact is patent to every one, and the acknowledgment is creditable to the self-knowledge of our cousins of Philadelphia.

DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The new tragic play written by George H. Miles, of Baltimore, called "De Soto," has been produced in admirable style at this establishment. The principal characters were performed by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and were sustained with great force and dramatic power. The piece is well known, having been played very extensively throughout the country; it is a clever work, and does credit to its author. A new drama, said to be of intense interest, called "The Son of the Night," is in active preparation at this house, and will in all probability be produced on Monday next, 27th inst. Much expectation is raised as to the result of this drama, of which report speaks highly; its success is looked upon as a matter of certainty.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The same sterling and attractive bills are nightly presented at this theatre to large and fashionable audiences. A good play well acted is pretty sure to attract. This evening, Friday, 24th, will be performed for the last time, Sheridan's fine comedy of "The Rivals," together with an excellent farce. Both pieces are admirably cast. To-morrow evening, Saturday, 25th, that excellent and popular comedian, W. R. Blake, takes his benefit, which we hope will prove a substantial one.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—The new and successful drama, "The Love of a Prince," has been performed every night of this its second week. It grows in favor. The pleasant extravaganza of "The Elves, or the Marble Bride," still continues its triumphant run. Its success has been remarkable. Much curiosity is expressed on the subject of the new play by Dumas fils, which is to be produced at this establishment very shortly. The "Money Question" is one that very naturally interests every one. We shall soon see how M. Dumas treats the subject.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Revels have been delighting their large audiences by representations of the "Green Monster," in which Antoine Revel takes his great original character of the White Knight. The successful ballet of "The Contraband," in which Madames Montplaisir, Marzetti, Linda Wendel, and Messrs. Epineas, Paul Brilliant and Emile Mangin, appear, has also been performed, together with the marvellous tightrope dancing of Chiarini, young America and young Hengler. The entertainments are most worthy of patronage, and will be found amply to a. The nights of performance are Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in each week.

BROOKLYN THEATRE.—The performances at this house maintain that varied character which is found so attractive to the visitors of the old and popular Bowery Theatre. It is impossible to keep track of all the pieces performed during the week at this establishment—a change is made almost every evening. But our readers may rest assured that drop into the Bowery Theatre when they may, they will be sure to meet with liberal and ample entertainment.

GEORGE CHRISTY AND WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—A mammoth bill has been presented at this Temple of Muses every evening during the week. Among the chief attractions have been an entirely new novel piece, which can be better understood than described, called "Backwood Echoes," combining marvellous acoustic effects, and a Bear-fight, à la George and the Dragon—alias Bear. The other pieces have been varied every evening, the whole forming, together with the capital minstrelsy, a most excellent and laughable performance.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADES.—The Buckleys and their excellent company produce a most varied and pleasing entertainment every evening, and draw in their usual crowd of visitors. He must be a most exacting seeker after amusement who would not be contented with R. Bishop Buckley and his pupils, Young America, "Old Folk's Concert," "Essence of Old Virginia" and admirable Negro Minstrelsy. No one need expect a special night to visit Buckley's, for choose any night in the year and the entertainment is sure to meet every expectation.

On Duty. It is whispered that the enterprising George Wood, brother-german to George Christy, is raising children at so rapid a rate—fifty within the last few months—that he is compelled to build him an house to put them in. To meet this demand he is now erecting on the lots formerly occupied by Haughtwrought, on Broadway near Prince, a magnificent theatre fifty feet front by two hundred feet deep, in which his children will make their first appearance in the dramatic world, and create a furore which will quite obliterate all memory of the successes of the Wood and Marsh children in this city. We hear most favorable reports of the admirable dramatic training of this new company of youthful comedians, and shall watch for their appearance with much curiosity. Mr. Wood is truly an enterprising public manager.

PIONEER PANTHER HUNTING.

Of all the wild beasts that inhabit the Western forests, none are more the hunter's dread than the panther. Their sly, stealthy, cat-like tread scarcely making a rustle among dry leaves, their frightful spring, and the certainty of securing their victim in their long, knife-like claws, has assigned to them a place in the West similar to that occupied by the lion in the forests of Africa. They have not, to be sure, the strength of the bear, nor the prowling nature of the wolf; but what they lack in strength, they make up in quickness of motion, and the terrific ferocity of attack. While the bear is getting ready for a hug, the panther will tear his victim to pieces. The scream of the panther, like the rattle of the Western serpent, is a sound that never fails to create a tremor in the nerves of the bravest backwoodsman, and when one is heard in a settlement, it creates as great an excitement as a rabid dog would among the inhabitants of a village. The attack almost all kinds of beasts, but generally they have a preference to the deer, elk and buffalo. Large as the latter animal is, it falls a victim to the panther's deadly spring. When, from some overhanging cliff, or the branches of some tree, it springs upon a buffalo, striking its claws deep into the flesh, there is no escape; for its claws are so sharp and strong, that they penetrate the bark of the hardest tree, enabling them to ascend with the fleetness of a cat. The affrighted animal may plunge through the thicket, and endeavor to shake off the terrible foe, but all is of no avail; the panther, grasping the neck, soon extracts the life-blood, and the victim falls. In their native wildness, they are as fearless as ferocious, until the deadly hunter's rifle taught them the power of man. They will, notwithstanding, when they are confident of success, attack a man, though they will run from a dog, not because they fear him—for with one stroke of their paw they could put a stop to his chase and silence his barking for ever—but because of the proximity of the hunter with his rifle.

The following narrative is from a pioneer hunter of Kentucky: "I was living on a branch of Big Bone, called Panther Run; it was the year after I had been out with General Wayne. I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk and butcher-knife in my belt, as customary, and scouring about the woods, I came to a thick place of brush—in a perfect thicket

of loopholes. I discovered that some dreadful growling and snuffing was going on by the sound, apparently within a hundred yards or so. I crept as cautiously and silently as possible through the thicket, and kept on until I found myself within perhaps twenty steps of two very large male panthers, who were making a desperate fight, screaming, spitting and yelling like a couple of ram-cats, only much louder, as you may guess. At last, one of them seemed to have absolutely killed the other, for he lay quite motionless. This was what I had been waiting for; and while the other was swinging backward and forward over him in triumph, I blazed away, but owing to his singular motion I shot him through the bulge of the ribs, a little too far back to kill him instantly. They are very hard to kill. But he made one prodigious bound through the brush and cleared himself out of sight, the ground where we were being quite broken as well as sideling. I then walked up to the other, mistaking nothing, and was within a yard of him when he made one spring to his feet, and fastened on my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several deep wounds. I was uncommonly active as well as stout, and feared neither man nor mortal in a scuffle; but I had hard work to keep my feet under the weight of such a beast. I had my knife out in an instant, and put it into him as fast as possible, for dear life. So we tussled away, and the ground being sideling and steep at that, which increased my trouble to keep from falling, we gradually worked down hill till I was forced against a large log, and we both came to the ground—I inside and the panther outside of it, he still keeping hold, although evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips he was getting. I kept on knifing away till I found his hold slackening, and he let go at last, to my great rejoicing. I got to my feet, made for my rifle, which I had dropped early in the scuffle, got it, and ran home. I gathered the neighbors, with their dogs, and on returning found the panthers not more than fifteen rods apart; the one I had knifed dying, and the one I had shot making an effort to climb a tree to the height of eight or ten feet, when he fell, and was speedily dispatched. You may depend I never got into such a grip again with a panther."

CITY ITEMS.

The Legislature had not adjourned at the time of our going to press. The Assembly bill to amend the Banking Laws so as to prevent the accumulation of bills of country banks in the vaults of city banks, was passed by the Senate, and sent back to the Assembly to have some amendments concurred in. The bill was then put upon its final passage, and lost. Subsequently, however, a reconsideration was moved, and it was voted through. The Senate refused to take up the Broadway Relief Railroad bill, so this scheme is disposed of. The supply bills and the mill and a quarter bill were passed. The bills for widening Battery place, to increase the salaries of the Judges of the Court of Appeals and Superior Court, and relative to the election of judicial officers in New York, were also passed with the amendments of the House. The Excise bill has received the signature of the Governor, and is now a law. The Assembly passed the bill declaring in effect that no slaves shall be brought within the boundaries of the State, thus nullifying as far as possible the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.

The Committee on the subject of a tunnel under Broadway, met yesterday in the City Hall. A plan was submitted and examined. The proposal is to commence lowering Wall street from Nassau, thus gaining about seventeen feet in deep cutting when Broadway is reached, under which is to be driven a tunnel, to be continuous with a lower level along Rector street. Beyond the inspection of the plan nothing was done.

The examination into the alleged marriage of Mrs. Cunningham to Dr. Burdell, is still before the Surrogate. Four witnesses have been examined, but their testimony discloses nothing but what was elicited at the "grand inquisition" of Coroner Connerly.

The charge against Coroner Connerly for alleged imprudent demeanor at the inquest on the late Dr. Harvey Burdell has been resumed before Judge Daly in the Court of Common Pleas, and the case for the prosecution closed. It is doubtful whether any witnesses will be offered for the defense, as the testimony, as far as it has gone, shows nothing more than an inherent jocundness on the part of the coroner; a "Norbury" kind of witicism, but no criminality of conduct.

A man calling himself Scratchard, who was arrested on the 16th for an alleged conspiracy to effect the escape of Huntington, the forger, was further examined, but no material facts were elicited. Huntington disclaims all collusion with the prisoner.

The meeting held at Richmond, Staten Island, last week, in opposition to the establishment of the Quarantine buildings at Seguin's Point, was said to be very enthusiastic; five hundred were present, and among the resolutions was one to burn any yellow fever establishment that might be erected there.

The Aldermanic Committee on Finance have decided to report in favor of appropriating \$2,000 to the publication of a new work on music for the use of the inmates of the Institution for the Blind, which work will enable them to learn music without difficulty.

It is said that the boundary between New York and Connecticut is not yet definitely settled. The united commission appointed last year to make the survey, failed to agree, the Connecticut members claiming a line further west, the New Yorkers one further east. The controversy began in 1660, and a line was made and mutually agreed on in 1731; this line being marked by piles of loose stone and blasted trees, is now nearly obliterated, and opens anew the agitation.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

LETTER WRITING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The amount of correspondence and other written matter calling for envelopes in Great Britain and America may be seen below. The population of Great Britain is, say, 27,500,000; they require 18,000,000 stamped envelopes per annum; while in America, with a population of 23,000,000, 32,000,000 stamped envelopes are called for every year.

STAMPED Postage Envelopes have been in use in the United States about three years, and two years still remain under the contract by which they are made. The demand by the government now reaches 32,000,000 or 33,000,000 envelopes per annum. In England, according to a return recently presented to Parliament, there were issued, during the ten years ending April, 1855, the large number of 186,124,000 stamped postage envelopes. Their introduction into general use in the United States was very gradual, very few being used at the outset.

MILL—AN ANTIQUITY.—The first grist mill ever erected in Pennsylvania is yet in existence. It is a quaint old stone building, and bears the date about 1680. It is located on a small stream near Germantown, and some of the original machinery, imported from England, is still retained. At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society in London, the Secretary read a letter from B. H. Hodgson, Esq., dated at Darjeeling, relative to the name proposed to be assigned to a stupendous peak to the north-west of Katmandu, in E. longitude, 87 deg., which the Surveyor-General of India has lately ascertained to be above 29,000 feet in altitude; the most elevated point of the Himalaya, and, consequently, of the known world—higher, in fact, than the loftiest Appennine would be if placed upon the top of Mount Blanc.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH FORESHADOWED.—In "Bailey's Dictionary," edition of 1730—127 years ago—under the word "Loadstone" is the following foreshadowing of the Electric Telegraph:—"Some authors write, that by the help of the Magnet or Loadstone, persons may communicate their minds to a friend at a great distance; as suppose one to be at London and the other at Paris, if each of them have a circular alphabet, like the dial-plate of a clock, and a needle touched with one magnet, then at the same time that the needle at London was moved, at Paris would move in like manner, provided each party had secret notes for dividing words and the observation was made at a set hour, either of the day or of the night; and when one party would inform the other of any matter he is to move the needle to those letters that will form the words that will declare what he would have the other know, and the other needle will move in the same manner. This may be done reciprocally."

PUBLIC LANDS.—The sales of public land in 1856 amounted to 17,000,000 acres, nearly four times the area of Massachusetts. Congress has given to the States in the same time 21,700,000, which will soon be disposed of by the States, making a total of sales and grants of 38,700,000 acres, equal in extent to the whole of Virginia. It is estimated that farming and industrial productions amounted, last year, at least to the value of \$2,600,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the value of the whole property in the United States, taxed and untaxed, exclusive of the public lands, at \$11,317,000,000.

ENGLAND.—It is assumed by British statisticians that the yearly consumption of tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 26,000 tons, about one-half of which, it is supposed, is smuggled, owing to the excessive duties (upwards of 1000 per cent.) levied on the article under the tariff system of that kingdom. The quantity of cigars and snuff imported does not exceed two or three hundred weight per annum.

COTTON.—The manufacture of cotton was first introduced into France in 1770, and has increased at an enormous rate. The total number of persons now employed in it is near 300,000. The total value of all the manufactures of France annually is 1,600,000,000 francs, and they are rapidly increasing.

The article of cotton has, for a number of years, constituted in value, upon an average, three-quarters of all our domestic exports to France. Our other chief export to that country is tobacco, the trade in which is monopolized by the Government, the exclusive right to purchase imported and indigenous tobacco being invested in the *regie*, or commission—an association under the supervision of the Minister of Finance.

One half the area of France is cultivable, and of this nine parts are meadow; four and a half parts vineyard; fifteen parts woods and forests; fifteen down, pastures and heaths; the remainder consisting of roads, cities, canals, vegetable gardens, &c. It presents every variety of geological formation, exhibited in almost every variety of known relations. All the departments (eighty five in number) contain mineral substances. There are thirty-six coal fields in thirty departments, and the annual produce of coal exceeds 5,000,000 tons. France is surpassed by England only in the production of iron, twelve mines of which are in operation. Three hundred thousand persons are employed in mining, and their operations show an annual value of \$100,000,000.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A LIBEL-SUIT brought by Erastus Brooks, editor of the New York Express against Jas. G. Blaine, of the Kennebec Journal, is set down for trial on the 23d of this month, before the United States Circuit Court of Maine. The libel is said to have been uttered by the Journal in reference to Mr. Brooks' course towards Col. Fremont during the recent canvass.

At Taylorsville, Mich., a son of Dr. Alvord, of Detroit, was walking with a lady, when coming to a piece of soft marshy ground he stepped over it, and while stopping to pick up a stone to throw in for the lady to step on, a pistol which he carried in his pocket fell upon the stone and discharged its contents into his breast, severing the right subclavian artery, and killing him almost instantly.

The jury in the Killoch case failed to agree, being eight for acquittal and four for conviction. They were consequently discharged. No new trial has yet been ordered, and it is not improbable that a *nolo prosequi* will be entered, as it is not probable that any jury can be found who would agree in this case.

A locomotive between St. Louis and Springfield, a day or two ago, got attached to the wire of the telegraph line which a storm of wind had thrown down, and away it went on its course, tearing down the poles for a distance of two miles, and keeping up a tremendous crash and clatter, as one after another came tumbling down and were added to the queer retinue of the train. The locomotive arrived in town in good time, and the engineer then first discovered that he had the lightning line behind him.

Eleven women who destroyed the bottles, casks and liquor of a retailer in Belleville, Ohio, whose shop was frequented by their fathers, brothers and husbands, have been tried for riot in the Common Pleas Court of Richland county, and acquitted by the jury, to the apparent satisfaction of everybody except the plaintiff.

Mr. H. W. Upson, of New Haven, has shown the editor of the Journal an egg, laid by a hen less than a year old, measuring 7½ by 9¼ inches, and weighing 6½ ounces!

Quite a tragical affair happened at Winston, Md., on the night of the 27th of March. It seems that the son of Philip Pendleton, of this county, and a young man by the name of Drain, from Chicago, had some misunderstanding, which resulted in Drain's challenging young Pendleton. He accepted the challenge and chose for weapons bowie-knives. They nailed themselves down to a two-inch oak plank by the pants, and fought until Drain was mortally wounded. Young Pendleton was cut nearly in pieces, and now lies in a critical condition. Part of Pendleton's knife is still in Drain's head. There is no hope in his recovery. The doctor thinks they will both die. Drain was 22 years old, small of stature, while Pendleton was about 19.

The dwelling house of Mr. Grimshaw, near Cape Vincent, N. Y., was destroyed by fire early on Saturday morning, and Mr. Grimshaw, with his wife and six children, perished in the flames.

The American whaler H. H. Crabo has been wrecked on the Madagascar coast and twenty of her crew lost. The captain and a colored man named Pelle were the only persons saved.

Another Boston lady is preparing for the stage, Miss Ellen F. Eberle, daughter of the actor Eberle, who was lost on board the Lexington.

From present indications, the quantity of maple sugar and molasses made this year will be greater than ever before. The high price of sugar of all grades has stimulated its manufacture, and there seems to be a fair prospect that the product this year will be upwards of fifty million pounds. At present prices, (12 cents a pound and \$1 a gallon), the product will be worth not less than \$7,000,000.

There was a bloody affray at the Michigan Southern Railroad depot, Chicago, last week, between a policeman named John Potter and a gang of Irish hotel runners. One Irishman, named Patrick Brown, was instantly killed, and two others so badly wounded that they are not expected to live.

L. A. Carrier made a balloon ascension on the 29th ultimo from Richmond, Va. When 5,000 feet above the earth he was in imminent danger of perishing, as he encountered a severe snow storm. He landed at 8 o'clock, near Washington.

George W. Johnson, one of the largest sugar planters of the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, left an estate valued at no less than \$7,000,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 1,300 in number.

The Canadian Parliament has passed a law to abolish the present mode of computing values in pounds, shillings and pence, and substituting that of dollars and cents, as in this country. The law takes effect next January.

A few days since a case was pending in the common law court of the city of Memphis, in which Mr. and Mrs. Helbing sued Philip R. Bohlen for breach of marriage contract for failing to marry Mrs. Helbing when she was Miss Agnes Handwerker, and the jury has given the injured parties \$1250 damages. The idea of Helbing suing Bohlen because he did not marry his wife is certainly the richest thing of this fast age.

The government of Liberia has appropriated \$10,000 to aid the colonists of Cape Palmas, in the war with the natives, besides contributing 150 armed men, under Ex-Governor Roberts. A letter states that through the kindness of Dr. Hall, of Baltimore, that the government of Liberia was able to raise the money needed. He came forward and offered the loan of \$10,000.

Large fires are raging in the woods near Wilmington, N. C., doing great damage to the turpentine groves.

The gross receipts of the New York Central and Erie Railroads exceed, in each case, the income of March, 1886, by over \$100,000, and the latter is still on the increase. The management of these important lines is to all appearances efficient and harmonious.

The New York Courier and Enquirer predicts that in 1882 our exports and imports will equal those of Great Britain, and will surpass them in 1883—then placing the United States the foremost in commercial importance of the nations of the earth.

A young man has brought suit at Louisville against a young lady, of peculiar circumstances. It appears that she resides in the vicinity of Louisville, and had long been considered the belle of the circle in which she lived. Her suitors were numerous, and many offers of marriage were refused. A short time since she met with one to whose earnest and sincere devotion she yielded so far as to name the day of marriage. The newspapers chronicled the approaching nuptials, and the young man lavished the most expensive presents upon his intended. On the marriage eve they attended a ball, and during the dancing the lady complained of slight indisposition, which became "no better fast"; she asked her affianced to conduct her home, which he did in the most tender manner. Arrived at home they bid adieu, with fond anticipations of the coming day which was to see them "twain made one." But during the night the lady grew worse, and at sunrise she was a mother. The young man says that he could never have been deceived, had it not been for the fashion of wearing hoops; and he brings suit for the recovery of the value of his presents.

The Captain-General of Cuba has issued a decree authorizing the exportation of the guano that has been found on the southern portion of the island, on the payment of a duty of 35 per cent. It is said that several millions of tons will thus be made available, as well for the advantage of Cuba and Spain, as for the enriching of the Royal Treasury.

A carpet-sweeping machine has been invented, which consists of a small box, in which there is a revolving fan that sucks up all dust and dirt, and carries it into a small compartment containing water. The woolen fibres and larger particles are deposited in a drawer. The sweeping is done by pushing the box along over the surface of the carpet by handles. The whole apparatus is said to be light and simple, very lasting, no dust is created, and the work is well done.

A young girl in Henry county, Ill., who had received harsh treatment from her mother, left her parents' house, as she said, to go to school. She was missing for several days, and her mother, supposing her to have gone to some of the neighbors, made no search for her. On the seventh day after her absence she was found suspended by the neck to the limb of a tree, within half a mile of her home.

Mr. Roberbaugh and Miss Wolford, of Pendleton county, were recently married in Hampshire county, Va. The affair was an elopement. The parties live some fifty miles distant, and walked the whole distance—the arm of the groom entwining the waist of his fair mistress throughout the whole journey. A rare instance of an elopement on foot, with so happy a result.

The Louisville Courier learns that the hog cholera continues to prevail to an alarming extent along the Kentucky river, and the Ohio as far up as Portsmouth. At a distillery in Gallatin county no less than 400 hogs died in two pens in less than a week. At the Carrollton distillery the deaths among the hogs are fearfully on the increase, and the same fatality prevails in Mason county. The owners of these hogs in most cases "try" them up into what is termed grease, which is sold to the stearine candle makers at about nine cents per pound.

Near Madison, Wisconsin, there are extensive beds of peat, which is said to be preferable to the best Ohio coal for fuel, and to yield, also, superior illuminating gas. A recent survey gives the extent of the beds at 248,820 tons, worth about \$1,000,000.

The case of Mr. Willis, of South Carolina, who came to this city to manumit his children by a slave mother, and died on our wharf, leaving a will, giving all his property to those children, and appointing John Jolliffe, Esq., his executor, is well remembered. The will was contested, on the ground of alleged insanity of the testator, and in the Barnwell district, S. C., was in October last pronounced invalid. It was carried up to the Court of Appeals, and yesterday, letters were received in this city, stating that on Friday of last week, a jury (of South Carolinians of course) had returned a verdict that the will was valid.

EXPENSE OF NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.—Some idea may be formed of the expenses of newspaper publishing, from the fact, as stated by the Boston Journal, that the expense of that paper reach the total of \$150,000 a year, \$70,000 of which are for the white paper alone, and \$80,000 for the colored paper.

FURNACE OR BOILER-ROOM [OF THE
NIAGARA.

This view is taken from the entrance to the boiler-room looking towards the bow of the ship. The floor of this room is a few steps below the engine-room, and is entered by a narrow winding passage; it has no apparent connection with the engine. The room is ten feet wide and fifty long. The boilers, four in number, are Martin's patent vertical tubular boilers, composed really of innumerable tubes, through which the water passes. The four boilers contain eight thousand two hundred composition tubes, presenting nineteen thousand feet of fire surface to the flames. The reader only sees in this beautiful drawing the mouths of the furnaces and the cases which cover these innumerable tubes. The whole of the room is covered outside with hair felt, which prevents radiation and keeps the walls cool and pleasant, at the same time retaining the heat in the boilers. The circle on the left of the top of the engraving is the base of one of the large iron ventilators, which run up and open on the deck of the ship. The bottoms of the two other ventilators are seen in the background; there are three in all. To give the reader some idea of the enormous amount of iron used in this room—which, with the other machinery, is below the water-line—it is only necessary to say that ten tons of grate-bars are used for the furnaces of each boiler, and the grates, pipes and other machinery connected with this room amount, without including the water in the boilers, to two hundred and fifty tons; the water in the boilers weigh one hundred and fifty tons. The gross weight of the machinery and the water in the boilers six hundred and seventy-five tons. Any one boiler, or any one furnace, or two or more can be used at a time; so that if any accident happen to a boiler it can be shut off without interfering with the others, or if the ship is running slowly only one boiler can be used. The furnaces will, unitedly at work, consume fifty tons of coal a-day; and at this rate the ship could run, if her bunkers are full of fuel at the start, twenty days with full head of steam on, consuming in that time one thousand tons of coal. The coal bunkers, which are made of wrought iron and weigh about fifty tons, have storage for one thousand tons of coal.

ENGINE-ROOM. SEE LARGE PICTURE.

This magnificent picture, which includes the most comprehensive view that can be taken of the machinery of the Niagara, will give the reader a better idea of its vast proportions than would pages of description. It is almost impossible, under any circumstances, to convey to the mind without ocular demonstration the perfection, beauty, and grandeur, if we



CAPT. WM. L. HUDSON, COM. OF THE NIAGARA, ENTERED THE NAVY 1816. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROS.

may use the term, of this wonderful mechanical construction. The reader by examining the picture will perceive, as the most prominent things in the room, six large cylinders; the three partially horizontal, running to the left, are the exhaustion pipes, which carry the steam to the condensers; the three perpendicular, and turning to the right, are waste water pipes, which convey the steam in the form of water through the side of the ship into the sea. These pipes in ordinary steam engines are not large enough to attract any special attention. The stairs in the background descend from the second deck into the engine room; the stairs from the main deck are just visible above. Near the foot of the stairs, as it appears in the engraving, but really in the centre of the room, is to be seen a circular box. This is one of the most interesting pieces of machinery in the room. On its face are four dials; the steam gauge, the vacuum gauge, the clock, and the register. The steam gauge tells the pressure of steam in the boilers; the vacuum gauge shows the pressure in the condensers, less the atmosphere; the time-piece regulates the divisions of the day, and the register gives the revolutions of the engine. This latter beautiful contrivance would keep a correct account for a hundred years of hard labor of the engine.

Opposite these intelligent mechanisms will be seen, though partially hidden by the waste water pipes, a desk, at which is an officer engaged in taking notes of the different histories given by these gauges and clocks. There are also on this important circular box, gauges and thermometers to test the temperature of the water in the condensers. The horizontal wheel, at which stands an engineer, is used for starting, reversing or stopping the engines. The small wheel in the foreground, to be seen under the exhaustion pipe, is called the "bilge injection," for taking the bilge water out of the ship. The horizontal wheel, similar in construction, on the right hand, is one of two injection handles for taking water for the boilers from the outside of the ship. If the ship should leak, and the ordinary means for keeping her clear of water failed, the bilge injection would be turned into the boilers, and the injections for bringing water from the sea would be cut off. The vast shield which forms the roof of this room, and is so plentifully studded with rivet heads, is composed of wrought iron, and forms the floor of the coal bunks which are above. On the face of the right side of these coal bunks, high up, is the deck signal or gong, or annunciator, used to call the special attention of the engineer. The work "BACK" is visible in our engraving. The annunciator has also the words "GO A-HEAD" and "STOP" upon its plates. When the officer of the deck gives a signal to the engineer, the annunciator first gives a loud sound to call attention, and then the order is visible, either "BACK," "GO A-HEAD," or

"STOP," as the case may be. By this contrivance there never can be any dispute as to what was the word given, as the engineer has no control over this annunciator. The engines of the Niagara are fifteen hundred horse power.

In connection with the powerful engine, we should mention that the Niagara has also two independent engines and boilers for hoisting purposes; two auxiliary steam pumping engines, used for filling the boilers, or for fire-engines if necessary, and for freeing the ship of bilge water; and another auxiliary steam pump, for supplying the small boilers.



JABEZ C. RICH, COMMANDING MARINE CORPS, U. S. FRIGATE NIAGARA. ENTERED THE SERVICE 1834. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROTHERS.

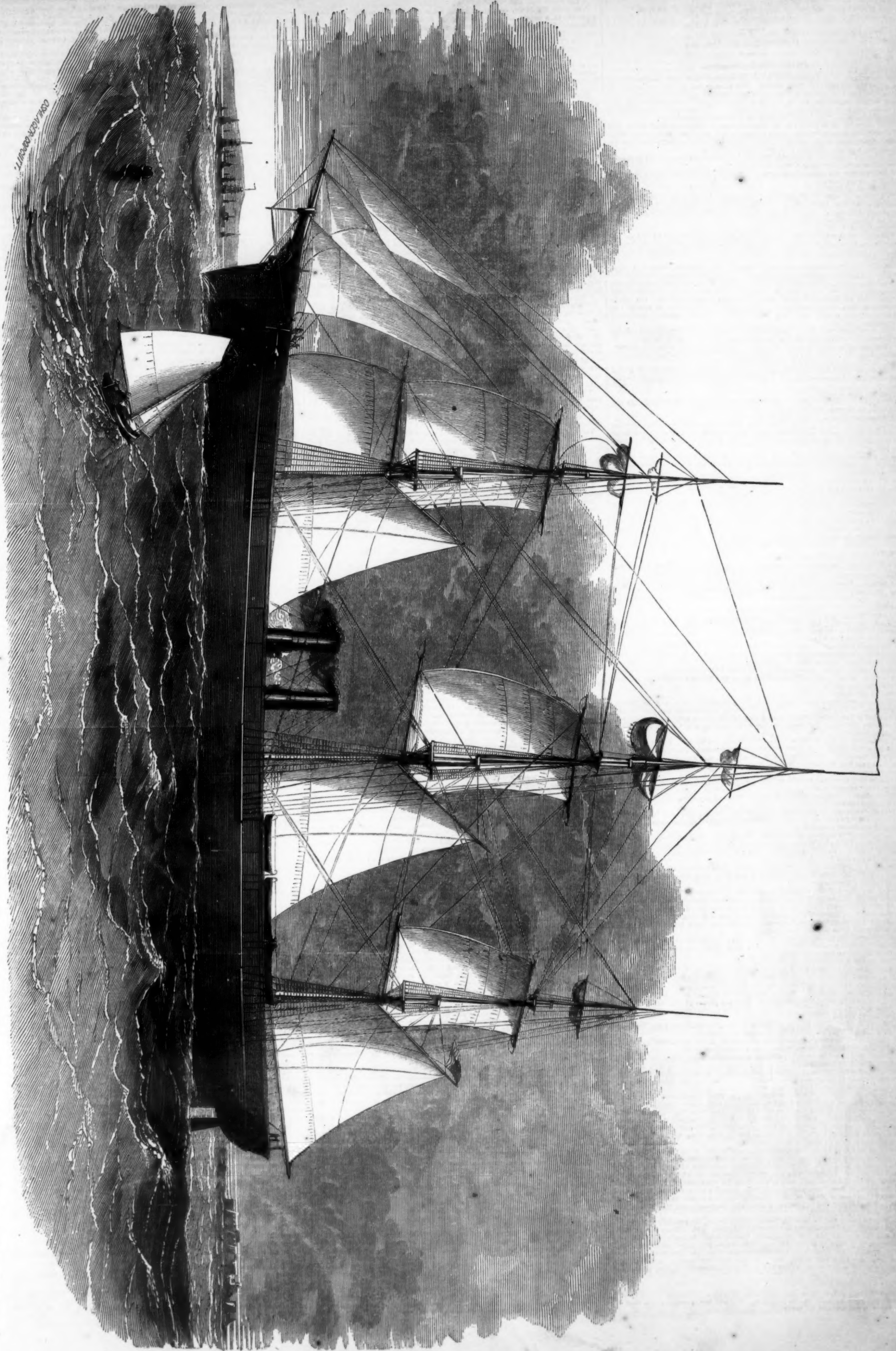
OFFICIAL LIST OF THE OFFICERS OF THE NIAGARA.

Captain Wm. L. Hudson, Commander; First Lieut., Jos. H. North; Second Lieut., J. D. Todd; Third Lieut., John Guest; Fourth Lieut., C. Wells; Fifth Lieut., Wm. Whiting; Sixth Lieut., E. Y. McCauley; Seventh Lieut., Beverley Kennon; Purser, Joseph C. Eldridge; Chief Engineer, Wm. E. Everett; Surgeon, J. C. Palmer; Assistant Surgeon, Arthur M. Lynah; Assistant Surgeon, T. W. M. Washington; Capt. Jabez C. Rich, (U. S. Marines); Lieut. Boyd, (U. S. Marines); First Assistant Engineers, John Faron, Thomas A. Shock; Second Assistant Engineers, A. Mortimer Kellogg, J. W. Moore; Third Assistant Engineers, Alexander Greer, McElwell, George F. Kutz, Theodore R. Ely; Captain's Clerk, John W. Hudson; Purser's Clerk, Edward Willard; Boatswain, Robert Dixon; Carpenter, H. P. Leslie; Gunner, John Webber; Sailmaker, Wm. B. Fugitt.



FURNACE-ROOM OF THE NIAGARA.

THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA, W. L. HUDSON, COMM. NDER, LEAVING THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK TO ASSIST IN LAYING DOWN THE INTER-OCEANIC TELEGRAPH CABLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEADE BROTHERS.



A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"MISERERE," ETC.

(Continued in No. 52.)

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

THE departure of the gentlemen from the country had been accelerated by an urgent letter from Sir John Sellem. The banker was getting impatient to hear whether the title-deeds of the estate he had agreed to purchase had been found; an inquiry which, for many reasons, the confederates did not wish to reply to otherwise than personally. "Many a man," according to Albert's doctrine, "had been compromised by his handwriting."

The morning after their arrival in town, having fully concerted their plan of operations, the travellers, whose interests now appeared completely identified, drove together to Lombard street, and were most cordially received by Sir John; a proof, perhaps, that he misjudged them.

"Why did you not reply to my letters?" he asked, as soon as the first congratulations on their return were over.

"Letters are sometimes dangerous," observed the officer; "they may fall into the wrong hands."

"Prudent as ever,"

"After all," continued Albert, "we might as well have remained in London as at Burg Hall, for our trouble, as well as time, has been thrown away. Sir Mortimer Tracy knows nothing of the title-deeds of the estate."

"And you believe that?"

"Implicitly."

The countenance of the banker expressed deep mortification; he had set his heart upon having the property. In his anger and disappointment he hinted at his suspicions of foul play—without, however, alluding to them as the parties.

"Foul play!" repeated Brandon: "well, I guess there has been foul play, and foul play too, when all is considered. I have been tamely robbed."

"In what way?" demanded Sir John. "But of course you mean in the title-deeds. I know not whom to suspect. The seals upon the door of the strong-room at Burg Hall most assuredly were unbroken. But the affair need not distress you," he added. "Means may be contrived to render the transfer of the estate legal and satisfactory. I have already consulted Wigget and Tye."

"Hang Wigget and Tye," exclaimed the Yankee; "it's the forged receipt for Captain Cheery's bond of five thousand pounds that I am thinking of."

"We met Miss Cheery at the Grange," quietly observed Albert Mortimer, seating himself on the banker's writing-table; "and, but for my presence of mind, our friend here would have produced the receipt."

"He dared not," answered the man of money, recovering himself by a violent effort from the confusion into which the unexpected discovery had thrown him.

Brandon gave a loud laugh.

"I repeat it. He dared not," continued the speaker. "He forgets that my evidence can deprive him of the wealth he has acquired."

"You have given it once," replied the officer.

"And this," said his companion, in a tone of triumph, at the same time producing the forged receipt, "will hang you at any time, and you have been doing too well lately to run that risk. Life is sweet, I calculate, when we are rich."

"You cannot mean to break faith with me," faltered the guilty man. "Remember how poor—how wretchedly poor you were when I first discovered and befriended you."

"What's that to do with it?" demanded the former, impatiently; "it was out of no love for me. I calculate, but hatred of my cousin Harry."

"Your cousin!" muttered the banker, bitterly.

"Recrimination, Sir John Sellem," observed Albert, who felt that it was time to interfere, "is both unwise and useless. You have played your cards badly, and ought not to feel surprised at the result. The bargain you drove with my friend Brandon was, to say the least of it, a hard one. You cannot blame him for using the discovery he has made to release himself from it."

"That it may be more easily fall into your hands," retorted the banker, bitterly.

"Possibly," was the cool rejoinder.

"Look ye, Mr. Mortimer," continued the baronet, "it is not so much the value of the property, as the particular wish I have felt for years to possess that estate. If your friend, as you term him, is dissatisfied with the conditions, let him name others. We will not quarrel for a thousand or two."

"You must give up the deed by which I agreed to sell it to you," exclaimed Brandon.

"Never!"

"Then this receipt goes to-night to General Trelawny. You are the best judge what mercy you may expect from him."

"Is that your last word?"

"Both first and last," replied the Yankee, taking up his hat to depart.

The visitors had reached the door of the outer office, when one of the clerks called them back, saying that Sir John had forgotten something particular he wished to say to them. Albert smiled. He knew how completely the wretched man was in their power. The recalling them was nothing more than he had anticipated.

"Was I not right?" he said.

"You are always right," answered his companion, in a tone of intense admiration. "You ought to belong to the young country—indeed you ought. It's hurtful to the feelings of a friend and a patriot to see such talents thrown away on the Britishers; America is the only country that is worthy of you. We appreciate genius there."

On returning to the private room they found the banker, whom they had left in a perfect storm of passion, as calm and collected as though nothing unusual had occurred. He had reviewed his position, and found that he had no other resource but to yield. Having come to that conclusion, further delay appeared unnecessary.

"You will at least pay me the money," he said, "I advanced to Wigget and Tye, to carry on your suit."

"That must depend upon the interest," observed Brandon.

"Without interest?"

This offer appeared so reasonable that neither the Yankee nor his adviser could reasonably object to it. An agreement to that effect was drawn up and witnessed by one of the clerks.

"Here," said Sir John, drawing forth the original deed, by which, in the event of establishing his claims to Burg Hall, its present possessor agreed to sell it for a certain sum, "is our first contract. I am prepared to exchange it against the receipt."

The doing so was a matter of some difficulty, since neither would trust the other. In this dilemma, a third party was called in, with whose assistance it was at last accomplished.

The instant the baronet obtained possession of the receipt he walked with it to the window, and examined it carefully to convince himself that it was the one he had fabricated. Satisfied on that point, he consigned it to the flames.

A sinister smile broke over his features as he saw it consumed.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said; "unless you have any further business with me, I must request to be alone."

"Don't bear malice!" exclaimed Brandon. "But, there, it's like you Britishers. When a fellow is done sick in New York, he is all the better friends with him as has one him."

"But we are not in New York."

"More's the pity," said the Yankee; "more's the pity."

All advances towards a reconciliation were coldly declined, the banker observing that where he had been once deceived, he could never trust again.

"As you please, Sir John," replied Albert Mortimer, in a tone of indifference. "If enmity is to exist between us, you will please to remember it has not been my seeking."

The former bowed stiffly.

"And that Miss Cheery's five thousand pounds must be paid," added Brandon Burg. "My respectability is engaged to that."

In the midst of his mortification, the old man could not avoid smiling at the word "respectability." It appeared such an excellent jest.

"It shall be paid," he said; "you can communicate as much to General Trelawny and the young lady."

With this assurance the visitors quitted Lombard street, perfectly satisfied that the success of their plan had created them a bitter, unrelenting enemy, whom henceforth it would be no easy task to guard against.

"There's one comfort," said the Amor can, as they rode through the city, "he old rascal can't live very long; he begins to look queer already."

"He is one of those men who are to be feared even from their graces," observed his companion; "and it is no small proof of my friendship that I have incurred his resentment on your account; for he is as shrewd as a revengeful."

His hearer made no reply; but he thought on what the banker had said touching the speaker's designs upon the estate.

Whether he could succeed in throwing him off as easily as he had done Sir John Sellem was a problem which already began to interest him.

That same evening two letters, both written from the officer's dictation, were sent to the Grange. One was to the General, in which Mr. Brandon Burg not only requested the honor of becoming his son-in-law, but announced that the sum of five thousand pounds was placed at the bank of Sir John Sellem and Co. to the credit of Miss Cheery—an act which Albert Mortimer well knew would not fail to produce a favorable impression on the honorable mind of the gallant soldier.

The second letter was to Miss Trelawny; whose heart, despite her antipathy to the country, and impatience to return to London, sank within her breast when she found that the step was taken, that in a few hours she would be called upon to accept or reject the only occasion which might ever occur of emancipating herself from what she considered a miserable thraldom.

The next morning her father sent for her into the library, and placing Brandon's letter in her hand, asked her if it had been written with her consent.

Eugenia trembled and he-listened.

"I am not angry," said the old gentleman, mildly. "Nothing can be more proper than your conduct on the occasion. If I put the question, it is that I may know what answer to expect."

"It was written with my sanction," replied the beauty, recovering courage.

"And you really love this man?"

"Yes!"

"Eugenia," said her parent, "do not let a momentary caprice deceive you as to the true nature of your feelings. Is it not rather an impatient desire to mingle in the world? a disgust to the simple, quiet life we lead in the country?"

"No."

"And you wish me to accept this man as your husband? I have long since made up my mind not to control the affections of either of my children, provided the objects of their choice were men of honor, which I regard before the adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune. I shall not answer this letter till to-morrow. You have a day before you to reflect: use it wisely for your own sake."

The day passed; but though Eugenia felt exceedingly unhappy, she never once wavered in the decision she had come to. The consequence was, that an answer was returned as favorable as he could wish to the hopes of Mr. Brandon Burg.

CHAPTER XLIII.

One to be married! false blood to false blood
John's.

FOR several days after Eugenia had given her consent to become the mistress of Burg Hall, General Trelawny appeared alternately absorbed in thought or fidgety and uneasy. It was evident that he had something laboring on his mind which he wished to get rid of. Half a dozen letters at least had been written by him to his future son-in-law and torn up unscanned: the old soldier was in the position of one who is anxious to impart a secret, but dares not trust to writing.

"That girl was born to be my plague," he repeatedly muttered to himself. "May this prove the last and worst of the trials she is doomed to bring upon me."

The bitterness of this speech was doubtless caused by the suspicion her father entertained that the unhappiness of his favorite, Bella, had been the work of her sister. He had no proof that such was the fact, but the instincts of parental affection are rarely deceived.

This state of indecision was brought to a crisis by a paragraph in the *Morning Post*, which Mrs. Mortimer read at breakfast, prefacing it by the exclamation of "How very absurd!"

"What is absurd, my dear madam?" demanded the General.

"You shall hear," replied the widow. "I have just read in the *High Life*—we announce, on excellent authority, that Brandon Burg, Esq., who so lately recovered the large estate of his family, to which his cousin, Mr. Harry Burg, claimed to be heir, is about to lead to the altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of General Trelawny. The family diamonds are being reset, and a noble mansion is already engaged in one of the fashionable squares. The ceremony is expected to take place in the course of the ensuing month."

The countenance of Eugenia was quickly suffused with blushes; and a sudden chill struck upon her heart. Involuntarily her thoughts wandered to Harold.

There was an awkward pause for several minutes.

"She does not love him," thought Bella, with a sigh, "and has accepted him to quit a home where she is unhappy. Would that our dear father's love for me had been less, or that my sister shared that love."

"And may I ask, Mrs. Mortimer, what it is that strikes you as being so very ridiculous in the idea of my daughter's marriage?"

The slight tone of displeasure in which the question was asked indicated to the lady that she had trod upon dangerous ground. With her usual tact she hastened to retrace her steps.

"In her marriage, nothing, General," she answered, hastily; "for few can see Eugenia without admiring her. It was in the choice of a husband which the stupid newspapers have made for her. It is scarcely more than a fortnight since she saw Mr. Brandon Burg for the first time."

This was one of those parties which prove the skill of the fencer, and are far more embarrassing than direct attacks.

"No doubt," observed the young lady, with some asperity, "you would have chosen differently."

"I did not mean that," said the widow, with an engaging smile. "The gentleman in question possesses fortune, birth; my son speaks of him as a most honorable and estimable man, and Albert is seldom deceived. It was the suddenness of the announcement which I considered premature."

"It would have been better taste had it been delayed," exclaimed the General, drily.

Immediately after breakfast their father sent for the sisters to the library, and announced to them his intention of removing for several weeks to London, provided Bella thought her health was sufficiently improved to support the change.

The poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and, throwing her arms around his neck, demanded if the marriage was indeed irrevocably decided.

"Eugenia alone can satisfy you on that point," replied her parent, mildly.

"I was as much surprised at her choice as you are."

"You have not urged her, then?"

"Urged her!" repeated General Trelawny, with an emotion which showed how deeply the supposition pained him; "I thought, Bella, that you at least knew me too well to suppose me capable of influencing Eugenia on a point in which the happiness of her future life is concerned. All that I exact in the marriage of either of my children is, that my son-in-law should be a man of family and unblemished reputation. As far as I can judge at present, Mr. Brandon Burg answers these conditions, and I have only to sanction the choice of my sister."

He added, somewhat reproachfully, "such a question could never have been asked. I leave you now in the hope that on my return you will understand each other and your parent better."

"So saying, the old gentleman quitted the room, despite the imploring looks of his youngest daughter, who, fearing she had offended him, dared not entreat his stay."

"You are an exquisite actress, Bella," observed the beauty, in a cold, satirical tone, as soon as they were alone. "I can understand our father's preference for you. Your pretended affection might deceive all, save me."

"Pretended affection! Oh! Eugenia, how can you so misjudge me?"

"Why this interference where my happiness is concerned? Do you wish to monopolize the attentions and admiration of every one who loves me?"

"Unkind, ungenerous girl!" exclaimed her sister, with more spirit than she had ever before ventured to display, for her heart indignantly repelled the accusation. "I spoke from the conviction that it is utterly impossible you should love this man, this Brandon Burg, who is coarse both in manners and mind, and possesses no quality to win the heart of any woman who truly respects herself. I saved you, Eugenia," she added, "from one false step, and never yet reproached you for the sacrifice the effort cost me. I would step between your pride and your evil destiny again. I would—"

"Save yourself the trouble," interrupted the haughty girl: "my mind is made up."

"To become the wife of Brandon Burg?"

"Yes."

"But you do not love him," urged the gentle pleader, unable to comprehend how any woman could bestow her hand, unless her heart accompanied the gift.

Little did she dream, in her artless innocence, what a mere affair of the market marriage was reduced to—how a few paltry thousands in a fortune or a picture are the merest trifles against the costliest affections or sympathies, which, even when crushed, tinge a whole existence with regret.

"It is not necessary that I should love him," replied Eugenia; "that is," she added, correcting herself, "according to your romantic, silly notions of the passion. I can respect him, and that is sufficient for every reasonable prospect of happiness. He will take me from a home where I am unhappy to one where life will seem a golden holiday; from the country, which I detest, to mingle in that world in which I was born to shine."

"A heartless world!" murmured Bella.

"But not the less brilliant," retorted her sister. "Now that your affectionate fears for my happiness are tranquillized," she added, with a sneer, "I trust to be troubled on this theme no more."

It was not without a purpose that the speaker made this request, or couched it in such bitter terms. She wished to avoid all allusion to the oath extorted from the terror and simple love of Bella, the means by which she had separated her from Harold Tracy, and trusted still to work out their mutual misery; the haughty, revengeful girl had not the slightest intention of releasing her from it.

"How could I have been so unjust—so wicked," exclaimed the youngest daughter of General Trelawny, as soon as she encountered her father, "to suspect you of urging Eugenia to a marriage her heart revolted at!"

"She has done me that justice, then," observed the old man, kissing her. "The union is of her own seeking. She is tired of our simple country life. May she never regret the change."

To this, Bella, who had so lately heard her sister avow the feeling, could offer no reply.

"Affection has nothing to do with her acceptance of this offer," continued the General. "I fear she has not much in her nature: ambition has decided her; the love of change; the vanity of becoming her own mistress, being at the head of a brilliant establishment, and a leader in the world of fashion. She has no regret at leaving her home or us."

"Papa, papa!" interrupted his favorite child, "you judge too harshly; she must love you."

"I shall act as she did," observed the old man, sadly, "but I have long since lost all faith in her affection. If your patient temper and winning sweetness could not gain a place in her heart, no wonder my colder efforts failed. It was a fatal hour that I received her under my roof."

"Your child, your eldest child! it is of her you speak!" cried the agitated girl.

"There, there," said her father, kissing her, "forget my words; they were hastily, perhaps harshly spoken: we shall one day understand each other better. Since Eugenia has made up her mind to marry this Brandon Burg, and I have no reasonable objection to offer to the fellow, the sooner it is all settled the better. My presence is necessary in London to arrange the settlements. By-the-by," he added, "you had better invite Miss Cheery to accompany you. Your future brother-in-law professes his anxiety to do justice to her claims. Nothing like keeping him to his word."

That same day General Trelawny and Bella both rode over to the village and called on the orphan, whom they pressed to accompany them to town, without explaining, however, the motive of their own visit there.

"It is a fearful place," replied the young lady, with a shudder at the recollection of the miseries she had endured there. "I never thought to see it again."

"Your interests require it," observed the gentleman. "As your guardian—a self-constituted one, I confess," he added, with a benevolent smile—"I must insist upon it. The affair which renders my presence necessary may detain us from home some time; and Bella would be unhappy without you."

The last consideration overcame Miss Cheery's hesitation, and she promised to be ready in three days.

Poor Nancy entertained dreadful misgivings when she heard of the intended departure of her friend. "To be sure, it was a fine thing," she said, "for her dear young lady to recover the money she had been so heartily robbed of; and her kind friends at the Grange, no doubt, would take every care of her; but still she was quite safe at Granston; and neither Kit nor herself would ever tire of working for her, would they?"

"Certainly not," replied her husband, to whom she had appealed in confirmation of her words; but, at the same time, he added "that he saw no fear: there was a wide difference between the poor, friendless girl, living in a humble lodging—depending only on the scanty earnings of her needle—and the same person residing under the roof of General Trelawny. Her enemies would look twice before they ventured to attempt any outrage against her."

Poor Nancy was silenced but not convinced; and could only be reconciled to the separation by Miss Cheery promising to write to her daily.

On her return home, Bella found her waiting-maid in a state of great excitement. The poor girl had just received a letter from Tom, which Sir Mortimer Tracy had forwarded, with one for the General, to the Grange.

"It 'ud break the heart of an image," exclaimed Norah, "to say nothing of a creature of rare flesh and blood, to hear how them barbarous Spahis used the poor boy. But I know who to thank for it, and all the rest of the misery in the family."

"Hush!" said her mistress: "not a word on that subject; remember your promise."

"Sure, darling Miss," replied the girl. "I only said that I know'd, not that I'd tell; may be if I did, the fine gentleman that Fintine boasts is going to marry her young lady mightn't be quite so eager for the match. There," she added, "don't look so angry; sure I know it's not in your heart. Only hear what he writes:"

"My dear master, I am sorry to say, has anything but recovered his former merry disposition. Sometimes for hours he is so grave and silent that I don't know the cause, I should fear I have offended him. Do you hear that, Miss Bella?—to be sure he knows the cause. If there is true love in this world, Squire Harold Tracy's is true love."

At this moment Goroo, the black boy, entered the room to say that General Trelawny wished to see his daughter in the library.

The young lady obeyed the summons with a beating heart, conscious that it was to impart news of her lover.

"Me know why you look so pleased," observed the messenger, addressing the waiting-maid. "You hear from Tom. Goroo like Tom. Burra Bissas and young ladies all go to London in three days. Fintine tell me so, and Fintine know. You walk in the Park with tall footman again?"

"Not if there was not another man in the world," replied Norah, tossing her head disdainfully. "I am faithful. If I should walk out, it shall be with you."

"No," replied the boy, with great seriousness—"me not make Fintine jealous. Goroo faithful too."

The waiting-maid perused Tom's letter several times, and—must we confess it?—kissed it as often. That done, she placed it in her bosom.

"If Squire Harold comes back," she said, "I'll tell him of Eugenia's treachery to her sister, and make my darlin' young mistress happy in spite of herself."

Nora was just the girl to keep her word.

The day before the departure of Miss Cheery with the family of General Trelawny for London, Kit's old companion, Bob Spiers, arrived, as he had promised, at Granston, accompanied by the boy Watson, who was to commence his apprenticeship. It was a happy meeting for all parties, but especially for Kelf: the presence of a friend and former playfellow of his own age partly consoled him for the approaching loss of one of the good ladies, as he invariably designated Nancy and the orphan. He conducted the lad to the workshop, pointed out the tools; and to prove his skill in using them, showed him such easy work as his master and benefactor had intrusted him to execute.

During tea Watson appeared extremely thoughtful and silent, which was something so unusual that Mrs. Corling asked him what he was thinking of.

"They must be mighty skillful doctors in these parts," he replied.

"Why so?" demanded Kit.

The boy looked at Kelf, as much as to say that the idiot had recovered his reason.

"Right," observed Miss Cheery, with a happy smile, for the dawning intelligence of her humble protégé was a subject of great satisfaction to her; "but it is the skill of kindness, not of science. You will comprehend it better," she added, "when you have passed a few days under this happy roof."

Kit and his wife looked in each other's face and smiled; their hearts responded that it was a happy one.

Immediately after tea, the party, with the exception of the boys, who were left to amuse themselves, set out to visit Susan at the village school-house. During their walk, Nancy, who had taken the arm of her husband's friend, informed him how exemplary the conduct of the poor girl had been, and that she was daily winning the respect of all who knew her.

The countenance of her hearer flushed with pleasure as he listened to her.

"I could have sworn it!" he exclaimed; "her heart was never corrupt—it was all my fault—I knew of her poverty and privation, and yet hesitated to speak out like a man. But I'll make amends," he added, with a burst of generous feeling; "there is no need of any further probation. We will get married at once: if I am satisfied the world has nothing to do with it."

The right-principled woman remained silent, not that she condemned, on the contrary, she admired him for his noble resolution; but, in her opinion, it was too precipitate: she knew the healing influence of penitence and prayer.

"You disagree with me," said Bob, in a tone of disappointment.

"I think your first arrangement of waiting a year the wisest," replied Mrs. Corling; "and I question if Susan herself will consent that you should break it. Marriage is a serious, a very serious thing," she added, trying to repress the sunny smile which spoke the deep contentment of her own happy union.

"Should you hereafter regret—nay, hear me out—or by a hasty word or unkind look recall the past, it would break the heart of your wife."

"No fear of that; I am not a child," answered the young man. "I shall make her the offer; and if you do not oppose it, I feel assured—that is, I think—she will say yes."

"And if she does," observed Nancy, "my prayers for her happiness and kind wishes will accompany her to the altar; but I doubt it."

"Perhaps she will consult you."

"And you will say—"

"What I have repeated to you," replied his simple-minded adviser. "But take my word for it, it will not come to that."

The speaker was right in her prediction; for when her lover that same evening pressed her to consent, Susan refused so firmly, but at the same time in so humble a spirit, that it was impossible for him to feel angry at her decision.

"Do not refuse me the satisfaction of making myself, if possible, less unworthy of you," she answered; "of reconciling myself in solitude and repentance to heaven; of atoning for the past, that terrible past, which haunts me like a shadow."

"You don't love me," interrupted her suitor, in a tone of disappointment.

"I think of you but too frequently," she replied, her eyes filling with tears; "of your generosity and goodness. You little know the heart of woman, if you imagine that such qualities can fail to win it. Even in the worst of us," she added, "it is not all vanity."

She was right; a hundred times right in her assertion. And yet it was not profound reading, experience, or philosophy which prompted the poor girl's conclusion—she knew nothing of these things—but the simple reasoning of nature. Seek for proof in what land or clime you will—in poverty in its most appalling form, in the depths of social degradation and misery—some hidden trait of goodness will be found in woman's heart, even as the perfume lingers round the altar long after the censers' fires are quenched.

Hitherto Bob Spiers had only loved her; from that day a better feeling began to dawn within his breast, he began to respect her; and during the rest of

"Why, yes, that is the principle, I calculate," slowly drawled the intended bridegroom.

"Or the interest," thought Albert.

"Beauty is all very well in its way," continued the speaker, "and a man must be tarnation sharp in his eye-teeth to mind a fair percentage for it; but dollars, after all, are the thing. Beauty soon fades, or we get tired of it, which is pretty much the same, I guess."

"And dollars," suggested his friend, "melt."

"Aye," replied the prudent gentleman, with a knowing wink, "unless they are well looked after."

And with this observation the subject dropped.

The day after the arrival of the family in town, Brandon had a long interview with General Trelawny. Whatever the nature of the confidence reposed in him, it did not induce him to withdraw his offer; on the contrary, he expressed himself, if possible, more anxious than ever to become the husband of Eugenia. As for the settlement of the young lady's fortune, he preferred leaving that to his solicitors, Messrs. Wigget and Tye; his interests could not well have been in better hands—it being also theirs; the loss of the title-deeds rendering it impossible for their client to raise money on the property to discharge their costs.

"Well!" exclaimed Albert Mortimer, who had been impatiently waiting his return from the interview, "have you heard this mighty secret?"

"Well, I calculate I have," replied his pupil, regarding him curiously.

"And may I ask its nature?"

"Certainly," said the former; "with all the freedom in life; only I can't tell it you."

"You jest?"

"Never was more serious in my life. I have given my word."

"Pshaw! is that a reason?"

"It's against my interests, till after the marriage has taken place."

"Against your interests! well, I can understand that."

"Of course you can."

"What is the young lady's fortune? Or is that a secret too?"

"Thirty thousand," said the Yankee—eager to satisfy him on the point, for it was not his intention to quarrel with him for the present—"hard cash. The lawyers are to make the settlements. The old coon has behaved like a trump. But there's one thing that riles me; he insists on Miss Cheery's bond being paid at once."

"That is Sir John Sellem's affair," drily observed Albert. "In accounting for the accumulations of Richard Burg's minority, that forged receipt represented five thousand pounds, which he had appropriated to his own use. And I will not see you robbed."

"By any but myself," he might have added; for we need not inform our readers that the friendship of the calculating gentleman extended to the fortune, not the person, of the adventurer whose interests he had so benevolently taken under his charge.

Mr. Brandon Burg shook him warmly by the hand, and assured him, in turn, that he regarded him as a brother.

The scheming banker expressed the most violent indignation when the two speakers waited on him in the course of a day or two, and informed him that he must hold himself in readiness to discharge the bond due to the representative of the late Captain Cheery. At first he flatly refused—his former confederates only adding; they had well calculated his position, and knew he had no means of avoiding it.

"I dare say it is rather hard to shell out—shouldn't like it myself, can't say I should."

"But I have no intention of shelling out, as you call it," replied the baronet, "and you have no means of making me."

The American whittled the first five or six bars of Yankee Doodle.

"You forget the receipt is destroyed," added the speaker.

"But not the evidence of Harry Burg," quietly observed Albert Mortimer, "with whom General Trelawny has certain means of communicating through Sir Mordaunt Tracy. You are the best judge how far it will answer your purpose to risk exposure—to say nothing of the punishment."

Profuse perspiration stood on the brow of the banker as the words so nicely calculated fell in oddly measured accents on his ear. Not only his own fortune, but the deposits of most of his clients were absorbed by his speculations in Spanish funds, and the money was really of importance to him.

"It is really most inconvenient," he said. "Six months later, and twice the sum would not be an object to me."

Inconvenience! Had one spark of conscience remained in his breast, the guilty man must have blushed as he pronounced the word. Had he ever considered the inconvenience Miss Cheery had suffered when—cold, hungry and drenched by the pitiless rain—and yet not so pitiless as the man who called himself her father's friend—the stood before him in that same room; when, with worn health and a breaking heart, she walked, day after day, from her humble lodgings in Vauxhall to Lombard street, to inquire after the bond, sick with hope deferred; when, to avoid detection, he consigned her to the tender mercies of his confederate Helmsman, if possible a greater villain than himself.

In our experience of life we have invariably found that those who live by scheming and plundering others are most impatient when the screw is applied to themselves, and they are compelled to disgorge, no matter how small a portion of their ill-acquired gains.

In the present instance, the screw was so effectively applied, that Sir John Sellem finally agreed, not only to refund the five thousand pounds, but, what was still more galling, to consent that it should appear a voluntary payment from Brandon Burg, Miss Cheery merely giving an acknowledgment, in the event of the bond ever being discovered, that it had been duly discharged.

Within two days the money was paid and duly invested by General Trelawny for the benefit of the orphan, who thus unexpectedly found herself relieved from the most terrible of all aspects—poverty.

So struck was the father of Eugenia with the apparent generosity of his future son-in-law's conduct, that he readily consented to the suggestions of Messrs. Wigget and Tye, that the whole of his daughter's fortune should be advanced to her husband, on the security of the Burg Hall estate, instead of half of it, as he originally intended, being irrevocably settled on herself.

The delicate state of Bella's health, the desire he felt to return to the Grange, and the fact of having, as a point of honor, confided a most important secret to the intended bridegroom, induced the General to consent to the nuptials immediately taking place. True, he did so against his judgment, but Eugenia wished it. It was evident she felt impatient to be free.

Two days before it was arranged to take place, Miss Cheery wrote a long letter to Nancy, in which she informed her not only of the recovery of her little fortune, but of the approaching marriage of Miss Trelawny and her generous debtor, Mr. Brandon Burg.

"With whom?" demanded Kit, as his wife read the contents to him.

She repeated the name.

"Poor young lady!" exclaimed the honest fellow. "I have acted wrongly in keeping silent so long; her father must be informed of his real character. I must start for London this very night."

Poor Nancy had a dread of London. She made no reply, but looked very wretched. It was the first time they had been separated since their marriage.

"It is my duty," added her husband.

"Then go," she answered, firmly; "and forgive me my foolish fears and fancies. One can never reproach one's self for attending to its dictates."

Kit travelled all night, and arrived in town about nine the following morning. The instant the coach stopped, he took a cab and drove to the house of the General.

The bridal party had left nearly an hour before he reached it.

Our honest carpenter was one of those men who throw no chance of doing good away. It was barely possible that he might still be in time to prevent the accomplishment of what he considered a terrible misfortune to the family of his patron; and he set forward, running at his utmost speed, towards the church of St. George in Hanover-square. The crowd of idlers round the gateway, the long line of carriages waiting to take up, were the unmistakable indications that a marriage was being celebrated in that fashionable locality.

Just as he was forcing his way up to the church, the procession issued from the sacred edifice, Brandon Burg leading his new-made bride, who was deeply veiled; then followed the four bridesmaids, General Trelawny, Albert Mortimer, his mother, Miss Cheery, and the rest of the guests.

"Too late!" muttered Kit, bitterly. "Too late! she is his wife."

And he drew back into the midst of the crowd to avoid observation.

CHAPTER XLIV.

War and the clang of arms shall cease to ring,
Havoc and tears, and spoils and triumphing,
The morning march that flashes in the sun;
The feast of valour when the day is done;
And the strange tale of many slain for one.—ROBERTS.

It is now time that we return to our hero and his friend Harry, who still remained guests in the Carlist camp; the great service they had rendered to the King in the flight of his minister causing them to be treated with every consideration. It was a wild and savage life they led, but not without its peculiar charms. One day luxuriating at ease amid the sublimest scenery of nature; the next forced to ride twelve and fifteen hours at a stretch before the battalions of Rodil, who sought to bring the war to a conclusion by the capture of Don Carlos, who frequently found himself after a hard day's march occupying with his faithful followers the very same position from which he had been driven in the morning.

The path of the Christians through their unhappy country was everywhere marked by blood and cruelty; the peasants and monks being massacred without the slightest pity or remorse, till at last the indignation of the inhabitants became so completely roused that most of them declared in favor of the legitimate prince, and from passive spectators became active partisans in the civil war.

It was in vain that Zumalacarrqui endeavored to put a stop to this barbarous mode of warfare by setting an example of moderation, and sparing the prisoners who fell into his hands. Rodil replied to his humane endeavors by shooting his oldest friend, General Armentia, who fell into his hands, an act of barbarity which afterwards provoked fearful retaliation.

"Preparation is being made for some secret expedition," observed Harold to his friend Lilini, as they sauntered through the camp at daybreak the morning after intelligence had arrived of Armentia's death.

"Zumalacarrqui, independent of personal feeling for the victim, is not the man to leave such an outrage unavenged," replied the Count. "The blow will be terrible, but sudden. We require an example to cool the vapors of Rodil, and repress the murmurings of our own men, who grumble secretly at their leader's forbearance. A Spaniard," he added, "seldom comprehends mercy, when his enemy is in his power."

As both the friends expressed an ardent desire to join the party, which the speaker also was to accompany, the latter promised to obtain the requisite permission, which he afterwards brought them from headquarters.

Shortly after mid-day the division of the royalists commenced their march being well served by the peasantry, who volunteered to act as guides and spies.

The country had been so lately swept by the Christians, that not the slightest suspicion of such an attempt existed, and the Carlist leader was enabled to accomplish his secret march till he reached the place of ambuscade, near the rocks of San Faustus, a short distance only from Abarua, where the object of the expedition was explained by the Spaniard to his friends. It was to surprise General Carandole, who was marching, at the head of seven hundred men, to place himself under Rodil. He was a Frenchman by birth; and in all his previous encounters with Zumalacarrqui had been so thoroughly unfortunate, that his name became a by-word in the royal army for incapacity, and unfortunately also for cruelty to all who had the misfortune to fall into his hands.

Not dreaming of any surprise or encounter with the enemy, whom he believed to be at that very moment so closely pressed by Rodil that he could scarcely hope to arrive in time to witness their defeat, Carandole had no hesitation in crossing the country.

A number of officers of distinction and the Conde de Via Manuel, a grandee of the first class, who had volunteered to serve with the rank of colonel in the Christiano army, accompanied him.

Zumalacarrqui, who had just finished posting his men, passed the speakers, accompanied by O'Donnell and one or two aides-de-camp. As he recognized the young Englishman he smiled gravely.

"We shall have sharp work," observed Lilini: "El Tio Tomas has drawn his sword."

On ordinary occasions the Spanish general went into battle armed only with his riding-whip. We believe we stated as much to our readers before; if so, they will pardon the digression.

"Poor wretches!" said Harold.

"They do not merit your pity," replied the Count. "I speak of Carandole and his staff. Their souls are stained with the blood of youth and age. They have never shown mercy, and can have no right to expect it from others."

The position which the Carlist general had taken was picturesque in the extreme, and peculiarly adapted to the enterprise he had undertaken. The rocks of San Faustus, which gave their name to the pass, rise in broken masses in one of those wild districts where dense patches of wood, fringing the very edge of the road, and gigantic masses of stone detached from the parent rock and fixed by their own weight in the soil, afford a position highly favorable to an ambuscade. Behind every one of these masses parties of guerrillas, picked shots, had been stationed. Word was next given to let the vanguard of the enemy pass, and all in silence awaited the event.

Less than an hour a squadron of the Christiano cavalry advanced unsuspiciously, and without perceiving anything; then followed their companions singing the well-known song of "*Muera Don Carlos, viva la Reyna*."

At this moment a peasant appeared on the mountain just before them, watching the movement of the advancing columns; one of the officers shouted,

"*¡Baja! ¡Quereis bajar! ¡Falso! ¡Falso!*"

"Come down! I saw directly! Traitor! rebel!"

The man disappeared with a scornful laugh, and the next instant to the right and left of the Christians the rocks rung to the volleys of musketry. Discharge after discharge fatally announced to them that they had fallen into the jaws of the lion.

Before the enemy could recover from the confusion into which this unexpected attack had thrown them, Zumalacarrqui and his four battalions rushed upon them with the bayonet. Taken completely by surprise, surrounded on all sides, the combat soon became a massacre.

Nearly all the officers who accompanied Carandole, together with those of his staff, were either killed or taken, although the general himself escaped—owing to the fleetness of his charger—through volleys of musketry.

The Conde de Via Manuel, whose horse had been killed at the first discharge, had successfully mounted two others, but they were shot under him, and he was taken with fifteen of his companions.

A considerable sum of money, important papers, and many loads of military equipments, fell into the hands of the victors.

Of all the prisoners, Via Manuel alone behaved with frankness and firmness when led before the royalist general. He stated that he always had and always would entertain liberal opinions, which he considered it his duty to defend and diffuse; for them he came voluntarily to fight. "He was aware," he added, "that those who served the government of the Queen had no right to expect mercy from the Carlists; but if it were shown him, he would give his word to take no further part against them, and consider his political life as terminated."

Zumalacarrqui felt so pleased with the openness of the speaker's character, that he hesitated in his stern determination to execute instant justice for the murder of his slaughtered friend Armentia.

Harold and Harry pleaded so earnestly in his favor, that he at last relented.

"I cannot pardon you," he said; "but I suspend the execution of my sentence. Remain a prisoner on parole."

After a few hours spent in refreshing the men, the victorious party resumed their march, and favored by the darkness of the night and the fidelity of their guides, reached the Carlist camp safely on the following day with their booty and prisoner. The rest had been shot.

The victor, in the true nobleness of his nature, not only treated his captive with every distinction, inviting him to his own table, but absolutely wrote to Rodil, proposing to exchange him for an officer who had been taken a few days before, waiving the difference of Manuel's rank. They were seated at dinner when the reply was brought. The letter contained only the following words: "The rebels taken have suffered death already." This was clearly the sentence of the prisoner, and Zumalacarrqui handed it to him with the same song *Froid* with which, in all probability, he would have received the announcement of his own fate.

Via Manuel changed color; his host politely informed him that he might be with his confessor till sunrise, and quitted the cabin. The intelligence came like a thunderclap on the unhappy nobleman, at whose earnest entreaty a message was sent to the King entreating his clemency.

The answer was, that when soldiers and officers taken in arms had been put to death by the Christians, it was impossible to spare the life of a Spanish grandee taken in arms against his lawful sovereign.

Via Manuel was shot the next morning at Lecumberri, not the least distinguished in the long list of victims which the ferocity of his own party compelled Zumalacarrqui to execute. General O'Donnell, a very distinguished officer of Irish extraction, was the next.

Shortly after the death of the Hidalgo Via Manuel, a packet reached the camp for Lilini; it contained, in addition to his own political and other correspondence, letters both for Harold Tracy and his friend.

In the one from Sir Mordaunt, the old man affectionately and earnestly pressed him to return; or at least to quit the dangerous warfare in which accident rather than choice had thrown him.

"If you cannot make up your mind to visit England," urged his relative; "if you are not yet heart-whole, Italy, France and Switzerland are open to you. I shall know no rest till I hear that you have quitted Spain. The daily accounts I read of that wretched country deprive me of rest."

"Poor uncle," thought our hero, "it is but a sad requital for all his care of me, would despise me were I capable of veering in judgment with every breath of wind. If I am a dreamer, let me dream on in peace till the iron hand of reality shall awaken me."

Raising his eyes, he was suddenly struck by the happy, pleased expression on the countenance of Harry.

"Good news?" he demanded.

"The best," replied the generous-hearted young man; "my cousin has proved himself worthy to be the son of my unfortunate but noble-hearted uncle, Marmaduke. He thanks me in a manly, straightforward manner for resigning my claims to the estate, and presses my return, that I may share his fortune with him."

The Count, who was present, muttered the word "Pshaw!"

"Still a sceptic in the goodness of human nature," said Harry.

"Not so my dear boy," replied the Spaniard; "I was so, but you have cured me of that."

"What think you of my cousin's letter, then?"

"That he has been well advised; nothing more. Have you read it all?" he added; "is there nothing to explain this sudden fit of generosity?"

"Nothing!"

"Read again," said the Count; "my anticipations seldom deceive me."

"The only piece of intelligence," resumed the despoiled heir of Burg Hall, "is rather a singular one—the title-deeds of the estate, which I left secure, as I thought, in the strong-room at our family mansion, have unaccountably disappeared."

"Stolen?"

"I cannot comprehend how they should have been taken; for he says that my seal, which I affixed upon the iron door, was unbroken when he arrived to take possession. My cousin may naturally," added the speaker, "require my assistance to recover them."

"Which, as a matter of course, you will give him?"

"Doubtless, if I knew how to set about it; but I am as much at a loss as himself."

"A fortunate thing you do not," observed Lilini; "for, once in his hands, the broad acres of your forefathers would be speedily brought to the auction mart, and the proceeds invested in another country. How often must I repeat to you that you have been the dupe of your own imagination?—yielded to an impulse which, however it may honor your heart, says but little for your judgment! Brandon Burg is an impostor."

"It is my opinion too," exclaimed Harold.

"A grave charge," said Harry, seriously.

"And one which I trust I shall be able to prove to you before many weeks are past," replied the Spaniard. "I have received information, which tells me the agent who sought your life in Paris is even now with the Christians. Should the chance of war transfer him to the Carlist camp, even your incredulity may be convinced."

"This affectionate cousin has not told you all," resumed the speaker, after a pause; "and as a proof of his insincerity, at the very moment he penned his letter, he was on the point of marriage with the eldest Miss Trelawny, who doubtless by this time is his wife."

"I must see the proofs you speak of before I change my opinion," observed Harry Burg, firmly. "Even you, with all your consideration and kindness for me, would despise me were I capable of veering in judgment with every breath of wind. If I am a dreamer, let me dream on in peace till the iron hand of reality shall awaken me."

From that day the subject dropped between them; neither sought to renew it.

Harold had been quite as much surprised as his friend at the news of Eugenia's marriage, which he would have disbelieved from any other man than

Lilini's. For his uncle's letter did not contain a hint even on the subject; a circumstance which will not in the slightest degree surprise our readers, when they reflect on the haste with which it had been concluded.

The only conversation which passed between the young men on the subject was caused by the surprise they both felt at Lilini's information. It was evident that he must have correspondents in England as well as France, and that he had already busied himself more than he thought fit to avow in Harry's affairs.

"He is a mystery," said our hero, "I cannot unravel, but an honest one. With all my caution, which you sometimes twist me with, I would pledge my life to so much in his favor."

"And I may honor," added his friend.

"I believe you are right," exclaimed the former; "for whatever misfortune or mystery may hang over him, my reason assures me the Conde de Lilini is an honest man."

"And my heart tells me the same," observed Harry, with emotion. "At times I can scarcely account for my feelings towards him. I regard him almost with the affection of a son."

"Let us for once suppose that heart and head are both right," answered Harold, laughingly, "and leave the rest to time, which buries or unriddles all things."

Meanwhile Helmsman, who still remained in the army of Rodil, received frequent communications from his confederate, Sir John Sellem. Spanish scrip, in which both had so largely speculated, was rising daily, and the baronet wrote in the greatest spirits, in all his letters the same point being earnestly urged—the destruction of Harry Burg, whose death appeared necessary, not only to his reputation, but an indispensable step towards the accomplishment of the revenge he meditated against Brandon.

The forgery destroyed, and the only witness of its ever having existed in the grave, the Yankee and Albert Mortimer might find they had an awkward account to settle with the banker.

Thus repeatedly prompted, Helmsman consulted on the most probable means of carrying out his project with the Christiano general. He naturally felt anxious to oblige him, seeing that it was through his agency he was daily disposing of Spanish stock, and investing the proceeds, like a prudent man, in the French funds; probably, with all his boasting, he foresaw that the day of retribution could not much longer be delayed; that the bubble, hatched by speculators as unprincipled as himself, must burst.

"What you require," he made answer, "is difficult in the extreme, though not impossible, especially as you state that these young Englishmen are simple and inexperienced; but I dare not appear in it. Even if they fell into my hands by the chance of war, I should hesitate before putting them to death; your parliament have such an unpleasant way of embarrassing our good friends the ministers by awkward questions, and we cannot do without them at present."

"If you cannot appear in it," observed the captain, "you can at least assist me indirectly."

"Indirectly—yes," said Rodil. "There is in the Urbano a lieutenant named Ximenes, who honors your countrymen with the peculiarly strong antipathy he feels against them. I believe the fellow would risk his own life at any time to take that of an Englishman. I will place him at your orders. It will be executed hard," he added, "if between you you do not hit on some contrivance to rid yourself of your enemy."

"Could he not point him in the camp?" demanded the former.

"He must answer that question," answered the general, evasively. "If detected in the camp, nothing could save his life. El Tio, as the rebels call their leader, to do him justice, keeps a sharp lookout; witness poor Manuel's death and Carandole's narrow escape. I should not feel surprised," he added, "if, after all, the Queen's government is not compelled to enter into some arrangement with him as to the treatment of prisoners on either side. We have been most unfortunate lately, and the friends of our victims begin to murmur."

That same night Lieutenant Henrique Ximenes, of the Urbano guard, had the honor of supping with the English friend of his commander, who very quickly perceived how very little delicacy it was necessary to use, and at once unfolded his purpose.

The Spaniard closed eagerly with the offer, provided his conditions were complied with. The first regarded the sum he was to receive for the undertaking, whether it proved successful or not; the second, and more important one, his promotion to the rank of captain.

Assured of his influence with Rodil, Helmsman promised even that, but only in case of success.

"Well," said the latter, after the compact had been duly stipulated, and they sat smoking their cigars in the apartment of the Prior in the old convent of Breria, at that time the headquarters of the Christians—"and how do you intend to proceed?"

"That depends on whether you wish to have him taken alive or dead."

"Alive," answered the tempter, after a pause, during which he mentally weighed the advantage of wringing from Harry, no matter by what means, the secret of the hiding-place of the title-deeds; "but dead rather than risk his escaping you."

"I understand. In five days he shall be in your hands."

"But the means, the means?" demanded the captain, impatiently.

A sinister smile appeared on the countenance of Ximenes.

"Means that seldom fail, when properly employed," he replied, "to lead most men to their ruin—a woman."

"Is she young?"

"Do you think I am such a fool as to imagine your countryman would be gulled by an old woman?"

"And beautiful?"

"As the serpent that tempted our grandmother Eve."

"The idea is a good one," exclaimed Helmsman; "and if properly employed must succeed, for the man in question is a romantic fool, who lately resigned a fine estate because he considered another had a better right to it than himself."

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders; such an act of folly exceeded even his belief of the proverbial eccentricities of Englishmen.

(To be continued.)

MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

FABUL.—A noble and powerful family at Rome, who derived their name from *Faba*, a bean, because some of their ancestors cultivated this pulse; they were said to be descended from Fabius, a supposed son of Hercules, and were once so numerous that they took upon themselves to wage war against the Veientes. They came to a general engagement near the Camero, in which all the family, consisting of 806 men, were slain, B. C. 477. There only remained one, whose tender age had detained him at Rome, and from him arose the noble Fabii in the following ages.

FABLES.—Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest extant, and as beautiful as any made since. Nathan's fable of the poor man's new in antiquity. The earliest collection of fables extant is of eastern origin, and preserved in the Sanscrit. The fables of Vishnu Sarma, called *Panchajanya*, are the most beautiful, if not the most ancient in the world. The well-known *Æsop's* fables were written about 640 years B. C.

FACTIONS.—Among the Romans, factions were parties that fought on chariots in the circus, and who were distinguished by their different colors, a green, blue, red and white, to which Demitrian added two others, one in coats embroidered with gold, a second wearing scarlet, about A. D. 90. Both the emperors and people had generally greater inclination for some particular color than upon the rest; but upon a quarrel happening in Justinian's reign, between the blue and green, when 40,000 were killed on both sides, the name of faction was abolished. With us, faction means a party or sect in religious or civil matters, and it always taken in an ill sense.

FAIRS AND WAKES.—They are of Saxon origin, and were first instituted in England by Alfred, A. D. 886. They were established by order of Gregory VII. in 1086, and termed *Feria*, at which the monks celebrated the festival of their patron saint; the vast resort of people occasioned a great demand for goods, wares, &c. They were called wakes from the people making merry during the vigil, or eve. Fairs were established in France and England by Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, about A. D. 800 in the first, and 1071 in the latter kingdom. The fairs of Braucourt, Falaise and Leipsic are the most famous in Europe.

FURS.—The refined nations of antiquity never used furs: in latter times, as luxury advanced, they were used by princes as lining for their tents. They were worn by the first Henry, about A. D. 1125. Edward III. enacted that all such persons as could not spend £100 a year should be prohibited this species of finery, 1337.

GAS.—The inflammable aeriform fluid was first evolved from coal by Dr. Clayton, in 1730. Its application to the purposes of illumination was first tried by Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, in 1792. The first display of gaslights was made at Boulton & Watt's foundry, in Blithfield, on the occasion of the rejoicings for peace in 1802. Gas was permanently used to the exclusion of lamps and candles at the cotton mills of Phillips & Lee, Manchester, where 1,000 burners were lighted, 1805. Gas-lights were first introduced in London, at Golden-lane, August 16, 1807. They were used in lighting Pall Mall, in 1809; and were general through London in 1814. They were first used in Dublin in 1816, and the streets there generally lighted in 1825. The gas-pipes in and round London extend to 1160 miles. The streets in New York (the first in the United States) first lighted with gas, 1825-6.

ALUM IN CHINA.—This mineral is largely employed by the Chinese in dyeing, and to some extent in paper-making, as with us. Surgeons apply it variously, after depriving it of its water of crystallization, and in domestic life it is used for precipitating vegetable substances suspended in potable water. It is used also by the Chinese in a manner peculiar to themselves. Fishermen are usually provided with it, and when they take one of those huge Rhithronia which abound on the coast, they rub the animal with the pulverized stypite, to give a degree of coherence to the gelatinous mass. Architects employ it as a cement in these airy bridges which span the water courses. It is poured in a molten state into the interstices of the stones; and, in structures not exposed to constant moisture, the calcareous is good; but in damp situations it becomes a hydrate, and crumbles. Alum was first introduced into China from the west; and until comparatively recent years the best kind, called *Chinese Alum*, was brought from Western Asia.



ENCOUNTER WITH A WATER SNAKE.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WATER SNAKE.

THE accompanying illustration will give the reader a very fair idea of what is by no means an uncommon occurrence with bathers in Indian rivers. For our own part, we candidly confess that on similar occasions we displayed the best part of valor by beating an ignominious retreat. Not so, however, with the natives, who from long familiarity look upon such encounters as trifles light as air. They seek these rencontres with all the gusto of sportsmen, and with all that innate enmity which an Indian entertains for a snake, the deadliest and most treacherous foe he has to contend against.

The particular scene here sketched occurred in the Sone. On the occasion in question, a large water-snake introduced itself amongst a party of natives engaged in their morning ablutions, at the foot of one of the ghats. A cry of alarm being raised, an idler on shore seized a *lutie* (large strong club) from a bystander, and jumping into the stream, attacked the unwelcome intruder, who had no business to contaminate the waters bathed in by high-caste natives. The snake, nothing loth, encountered its assailant, and angrily erecting its head in the air, made ready to give battle. In this interval, the greater number of bathers had betaken themselves to the shore, or scrambled up to the decks of the nearest budgerow, leaving the field clear to the two opponents. With protruded fangs the angry snake waved its head to and fro, watching for a favorable opportunity to strike at the man; but this opportunity never arrived. In the interval, the spectators looked on with breathless anxiety, although the issue of like combats invariably terminated in favor of the biped aggressors. There was something terrible in the consciousness that one false step might expose the man to the deadly fangs of the serpent, and that a bite, causing an aperture not much larger than what might be produced by the point of a needle, would result, if not in death, in intense sufferings of longer or shorter duration. Moreover, the aggressor, besides being out of his own element, had to contend against a rapid stream, the effects of the late heavy falls of rain. Not long, however, were the lookers-on kept in suspense. The cudgel was seen flourishing in the sunlight, and then descended with lightning rapidity upon the back of the water-snake, which was crippled by having its back broken by the blow. Still the venomous creature managed to retreat towards the opposite bank, where the stream ran deeper

day, with a gentle four-knot breeze blowing, we have witnessed upwards of twenty varieties of water-snakes swimming about the vessel, when off the coast of Sumatra. As seen in the water, with the sun shining upon their variegated and brilliant coats, they are beautiful to behold. That there are amongst them some of great size and strength, and some of deadly venom, we have no hesitation in asserting; in proof of which we may be permitted to introduce the following brief anecdotes, founded upon incontrovertible testimony.

In the year 1840, when the writer of this paper was sojourning at Bangkok, the floating capital of Siam, the following incident occurred. The weather had been for some weeks extremely tempestuous, and a very heavy fall of rain in the interior had caused the waters of the Menam to rise higher than usual. At that time our host, Mr. H., had commenced building a fine house on *terra firma*—the only one, with the exception of the king's palace and some missionary houses, to be met with in Bangkok, the rest of the population being compelled to content themselves with floating domiciles, erected upon bamboo rafts. Our dormitory was afloat, and here we had one evening assembled prior to retiring for the night.

Owing to the uncongenial state of the atmosphere out of doors, we had been subjected to the visits of many unwelcome intruders—rats and mice, and even birds, had sought shelter under our well-thatched roof; but heretofore we had been exempt from guests of a more dangerous character. It will be necessary to state that our floating-home consisted of one sitting-room, with a railed-in verandah overlooking the river, a large

while at the success of his exploit. These and other varieties of snakes are very plentiful in the Jumna and other tributaries of the Ganges, though they are seldom to be encountered in the last-named river.

In the Bay of Bengal, the Straits of Malacca, the Gulf of Siam, water-snakes are more frequently to be met with than in any other portion of the globe: neither can any place compete with them for variety in size and color. On a fine

to escape, we deemed it most prudent to jump on shore and rouse Mr. H.'s servants, who were sleeping in the warehouses that had been completed, under the new house then building. Speedily armed with guns and sticks, and lighted by flambeaux, we returned to investigate the nature of this nocturnal disturber, and administer speedy retribution; but we came too late. With the assistance of its powerful tail the snake had succeeded in dislodging a good stout plank, and so made its exit—a plank, too, that no ordinary man could have dislodged without a strong effort and a heavy mallet.

Thus much for their size and strength. That they are venomous, the records of the royal navy too clearly indicate, when they tell under what tragical circumstances the doctor of her Majesty's sloop *Wolf* fell a victim to his taste for natural history; how, when the crew were washing the ship's decks in the Madras Roads, a water-snake chanced to be hauled up in a bucket, and, being incautiously handled by the doctor, inflicted a bite that occasioned his death within little more than an hour.



MONSTER BOTTLE, EXHIBITED AT THE GREAT PARIS CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION.

SANTA CLAUS MEDAL PRESENTED TO WM. J. BARKER, ESQ.

In the month of December last, there came off at Niblo's Saloon a grand ball under the auspices of the Santa Claus Association. To diversify the amusements of the evening, Wm. J. Barker, Esq., appeared in a dress representing Santa Claus, which attracted universal attention for its correctness and beauty. The friends of Mr. Barker determined to make the affair memorable



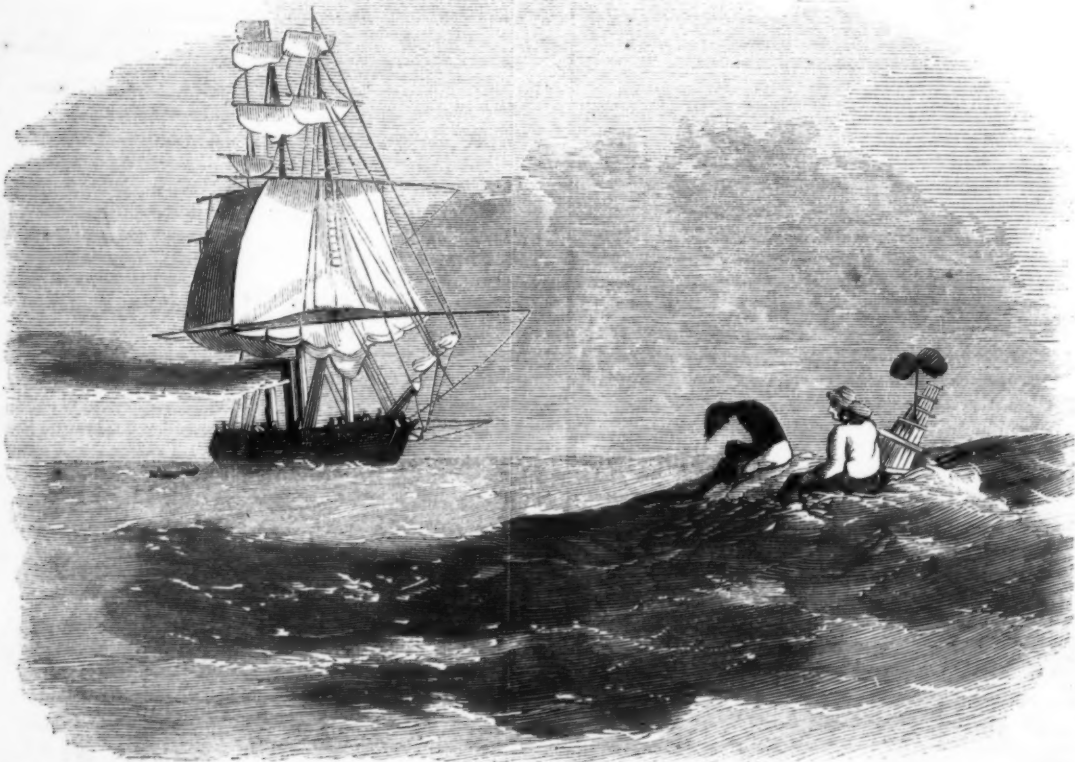
OBVERSE.

by presenting him with a medal, which was duly carried into effect, conjointly with a festive ceremony. The inscription on the medal reads as follows:

"Presented by the Santa Claus Association to William J. Barker, Esq., for the original introduction of their Patron Saint in character at the Annual Ball at Niblo's Saloon, Dec. 15th, 1856 New York, April 15th, 1857."



REVERSE.



RESCUE OF CAPTAIN BAKER AND A SEAMAN BY THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "ENGLAND." SEE PAGE 342.

and with greater velocity; but, with one hand cudgelling the snake and swimming with the other, the Indian followed up his advantage, amidst loud plaudits from the shore. For some few minutes both were lost to sight behind a projecting angle in the river; but almost immediately afterwards the man re-appeared, holding the now dead reptile high up in the air. On bringing the snake to shore, it was found to be one of an ordinary species in those parts, measuring about seven feet in length, with a brown glossy back, very slightly marked, and white as milk underneath. All the people about these ghats are expert swimmers. The only apparent inconvenience, therefore, experienced by the Indian was that he seemed to be rather out of breath, as he flung the snake high upon the bank, laughing blithely the

bed-room behind, and a smaller one on either side. There were three of us slept here every night; and on the eventful occasion in question, we were retiring to our respective couches, when Captain M. suddenly started back from the door of his room, with well-timed presence of mind closing the door after him. On inquiry, he informed us that just as he was about entering his eye had been attracted by what at first appeared to be a large bit of rope coiled up on the floor; the noise of his footsteps, and the glare of the candle he carried in his hand, seemed to have aroused the slumberer; and to his horror he beheld a huge snake rapidly uncoiling itself.

This being the state of affairs, and as we could now distinctly hear the creature fumbling and tumbling about in its eagerness

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.
FRIDAY, April 24th, and SATURDAY 25th.—**DE SOTO.**
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes \$5 and \$6.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,
NEAR HOUTON STREET.
MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS.
FRIDAY, April 24th, and SATURDAY 25th.—**THE LOVE OF A PRINCE,**
and **THE ELVES.**
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
The old favorites together again:
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALCOT, Mr. DYOTT.
FRIDAY, April 24th.—**THE RIVALS.**
SATURDAY, April 25th.—**GAME OF LIFE.**
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

BOWERY THEATRE.—SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM. STAGE MANAGER, MR. R. JOHNSTON.
FRIDAY, April 24th.—For the Benefit of Miss ELLEN GREY.—The Drama in Five Tableaux, called **MONTE CRISTO**; also **THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.**
SATURDAY 25th.—**HATRED AND JACK SHEPPARD.**
Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.
Mlle. ROBERT, Mlle. MONPLAISIR,
LEON ESPINOSA, PAUL BRILLANT, Young HENGLER,
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY.—**THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.**
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY,
ITALIAN OPERA.
Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$6.

MR. THALBERG
WILL VISIT THE
PRINCIPAL WESTERN
CITIES UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF
MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 444 Broadway below Grand street.
Henry Wood.....Business Manager.
Geo. Christy.....Stage Manager.
and other entertainments every evening during the week.
Doors open at 6; commence at 7½ o'clock.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS' New Hall, 585 Broadway,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
Every evening during the week, a variety of entertainments, including
NEGRO MINSTRELSY,
Burlesques, &c.
Commences at half-past seven. Admission 25 cents.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1856,
1857.—The fourth and last Concert will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, April 25, 1857, at the Academy of Music, corner of Fourteenth street and Irving place.
The following artists have kindly volunteered their services: Miss Maria S. Brainerd and Mr. H. C. Timm. Conductor, Mr. Theo. Eisfeld.
No secured seats. Doors open at 6½ o'clock, to commence at 8 o'clock P.M.
By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1857.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We devote a large space of this paper to descriptions of the Niagara. Our details, in every instance, have been obtained from OFFICIAL AUTHORITIES, and may be relied on for their correctness. We are under obligations to many officers of the ship, to the builders of the engines, and to the constructors of the hull and rigging, for our interesting statistics.

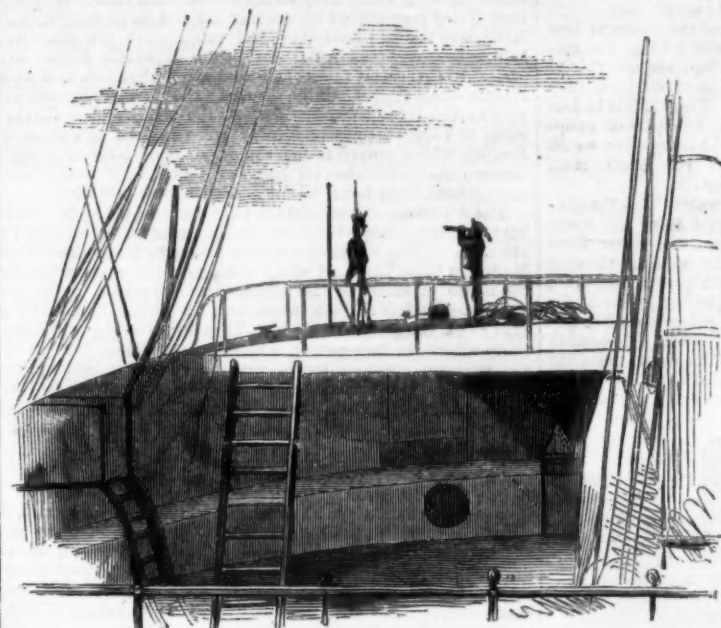
We visited the Niagara the morning she, for the first time, took her crew on board, and witnessed her first movement under the absolute control of her proper officers. As her engines made a few revolutions, the mighty hull started, as it were, into life, and snapped the heavy fastenings which had previously kept her to the dock as if they were silken threads. Said an admirer standing by, "The Niagara was either to break loose or tear the Navy Yard up by the roots." The fine band on board of the North Carolina struck up meanwhile a spirited national air, the stars and stripes unfurled themselves to the breeze, and the ship was truly born unto our gallant navy, the pride and hope of "the home of the brave and the land of the free."



ELDERLY GENTLEMAN THINKS THAT GABOTTING HAS COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN IT'S OPENLY FRACTURED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA.

The magnificent steam frigate Niagara has started on her mission of mercy, and is now proudly breasting the waves, soon to be engaged in the noble labor of participating in the putting down of the great oceanic telegraph wire, which is to literally annihilate time and space between Europe and America. This is a noble mission and one worthy of so proud a ship, connecting her in all future time not only with the splendor of warlike



THE HURRICANE-DECK OF THE NIAGARA.

achievements, but with the still greater glory of commercial and peaceful pursuits. To give the nation some idea of this "pride of the ocean," we have been regardless of expense and trouble, and by impressing into our service every possible aid of illustration, we are able, at a glance, to give a better idea of the vessel, than could be obtained by a hundred casual personal visits. In this conviction we take pride in saying, that we have had every possible facility afforded our artists and our editor by the officers of the ship, by the different contractors, and we believe that we present in our present number, succinctly yet clearly, all the most important particulars relating to this wonderful naval structure.

THE HURRICANE DECK OF THE NIAGARA.

At the stern of the Niagara is a platform, the only thing apparently of limited proportions on the ship, which is denominated the hurricane deck. It has a twofold purpose; it protects the men at the wheel, which is directly under it, and affords a lookout for the quartermaster, who is always stationed here, and, with spy-glass in hand, may with propriety be denominated "the eyes of the ship." While vessels of war are in port there is also stationed on this deck a marine, who acts as sentinel, and who presents by his military appearance and clear outline against the sky quite a picturesque object.

JACK AND THE PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

While Mr. Brady's operators were busily engaged in taking different photographic views of the deck of the Niagara, intended for a picture illustration of our paper, their instrument, which is of considerable magnitude, attracted from Jack "and the marines" the most intense curiosity. Amid the confusion attendant upon some five hundred seamen just put on board of the ship, and for the first time getting her under weigh, there were of course many things calculated to attract the "landlubber," and among these were the consultations of the "old salts" relative to the uses of the photographic instrument. Some few had an idea that it was intended to "take the whole ship," the only way, we trust, it ever can be taken—a thing, by the by, a "young middy" informed us "cannot be done under any circumstances, that thing not having been contemplated by the Government." An old tar, who looked as if he had battled with nor'westers from childhood up to the age of sixty at least, made a critical examination of the interior of the instrument, and as the brass cover was over the glasses it was of course a clear and succinct view; and, after ejecting a quid of tobacco, and rolling about with professional dignity and hitching up his inexpressibles, he said it was "all right," and with this remark sailed off to another part of the ship.

THE STORY OF DAVY JONES'S LOCKER, OR FIDDLER'S GREEN.

We were especially struck with the very religious aspect of the old sailors, as all people are who visit a man-of-war, and being curious in such matters we inquired of one of them what were his prospects in a future state. It would seem that we were very fortunate in our man, for he was given to sailor-theological discussion, and expressed the idea, that he would after the rope yarn and short rations of this world spend his eternity in Fiddler's Green. Desiring to know something of this place we inquired its history, which Jack gravely related as follows:

"You see," said he, "that many centuries ago a sailor named Davy Jones was on the main-top-sail yard rigging, luff-

ing tackle, when he fell overboard with the tackle and drowned, and as was the case in them times went to h—l, tackle and all. On his arrival Old Nick made a fireman of him; this was so totally at variance with his former occupation (it being before the age of steam) he demurred, and swore vengeance. Not long afterwards Old Nick was passing out of the gateway carrying his tail behind him, when Jack took advantage of his opportunity and made a back wall hitch on it, then clapped on his luff tackle, called all hands and bowed Old Nick chock a block. This severe treatment brought Old Nick to terms, and he agreed, if Davy would let him down, that all sailors thereafter, together with all fiddlers, and night-walking women, should form a colony, nine miles this side of h—l, to be called Fiddler's Green. The compromise was accepted, and the sailor opened a tavern at the designated place, and called it "The Locker." To this haven of delight the old boatswain of the Niagara firmly believes he will go when he dies, having always done his duty as a man-of-war's man, like a good conscientious fellow as he is.

THE HULL, BATTERY AND MASTS.

The Niagara is not only the largest of the six screw frigates ordered by the government, but will be the largest ship afloat in the world until the launch of the British merchant vessel "Great Eastern." Her extreme length of deck is three hundred and fifty-five feet; extreme breadth, fifty-five feet; depth of hold, thirty-one feet; capacity, five thousand six hundred tons. Her armament, when fitted out as a man-of-war, will be eleven guns of eleven inch calibre, making the heaviest marine battery in the world, the number of pieces considered, weighing fifteen thousand pounds each, requiring a charge of fifteen pounds of powder, and carrying shot weighing one hundred and seventy-four pounds.

The guns of the Niagara are fitted with slide carriages, and when the ship is at sea, or not prepared for action, are "slowed fore and aft," and are therefore not visible from the outside of the ship, as is the case in all other men-of-war.

The mizenmast is one hundred and sixty-five feet high, the foremast one hundred and eighty-two feet, the mainmast two hundred and eight feet high, three feet in diameter, weighs nineteen tons, and is buried twenty-nine feet below the spar deck. The skysail yard is twenty-two feet, royal yard thirty-four feet, topgallant yard fifty-three feet, topsail yard eighty-one feet, main yard one hundred and six feet. The main topsail contains one thousand eight hundred square yards of canvas, the entire suit of sails nineteen thousand eight hundred and thirty square yards of canvas, the largest spread of sails in our navy.



JACK AND THE PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

THE PROPELLER.

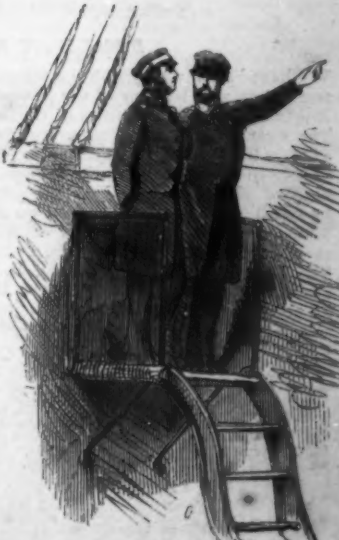
The propeller, which is known as Griffith's patent, is eighteen feet nine inches in diameter, and thirty-two feet pitch of screw; it weighs fifteen tons, and is made of brass or composition. It is composed of two blades only, and works vertically, and can be brought to fifty revolutions in a minute. For the purpose of repairing the propeller or sailing without its aid, a well is constructed with a convenient hoisting apparatus, which weighs fifteen tons. By means of this hoisting apparatus the propeller is raised out of the water, or lowered into a "slot dovetail" in the end of the shaft.

THE SMOKE-STACKS.

By looking at the engraving of the Niagara, the smoke-stacks will be noticed as quite prominent objects. These "chimneys" are telescopic, and if drawn out at full height will display forty-five feet, and can be, if necessary, lowered almost out of sight. By this contrivance these "stacks" are out of the way in a storm, and if it is ever necessary the ship can change her whole appearance as a man-of-war, presenting the look only of an immense clipper ship.

THE DECKS.

The open or upper deck is occupied by the battery, and the running rigging of the ship. The next below, or main deck, is appropriated for the accommodation of the officers and crew; the lower or orlop deck, below the water line, contains the engine room, the



"HORSE BLOCK" OR LOOK OUT FOR OFFICERS.

boiler room, machine shop, spare or duplicate machinery, store rooms, blacksmith's shop, sick bay or hospital, and dispensary. Still below the orlop is the hold for the supply of provisions, shot lockers, water tanks, magazines, &c. One peculiarity about this ship is, that the "coal bunkers" are built around the engine, so as to afford an additional protection to the machinery.

THE WROUGHT IRON SHAFT ALLEY-WAY AND SHAFT.

One of the greatest curiosities of the ship indirectly connected with the machinery, is the wrought iron shaft alley, or subterranean miniature mammoth cave. This alley is over one hundred feet in length, six feet wide, and seven feet high.



THE SHAFT AND SURROUNDING TUBES.

Through it runs the wrought iron shaft that, starting from the machinery, is one hundred and thirty-two feet long and connects with the propeller. This shaft is in four pieces, and the four pair of couplings which hold it together weigh eighteen tons; the shaft itself weighs fifty tons.

The shaft connects with the propeller twelve feet below the water line. To prevent the water from coming into the opening through which the shaft passes, there are three brass pipes one inside of the other, each weighing two tons, going through twenty-four feet of solid or "dead" wood. The outside pipe is hammered down against the surface of the wood, the next pipe fits close into this, and the next pipe answers for a running box, in which the shaft revolves. On the inboard end is a "stuffing box," which prevents the water from coming into the alley way. About four feet forward of the stuffing box is the "thrust block," or journal. This block receives the whole weight of the ship, for in it are the grooves in which work the teeth of the shaft. Whatever power it takes to propel the ship comes against what are here termed the collars of the shaft and the grooves of this thrust block; if they should give way, there is no reason to suppose that the pressure might not push the ship out of the extreme end of the shaft out of their places. This journal weighs four tons, and is in the most substantial manner secured to the bed of the ship.

The propelling machinery of the Niagara, which is without doubt the most extensive afloat, was commenced nearly two years ago by Messrs. James Murphy & Co.; and so vast are its proportions that the most indifferent spectator cannot look upon its wonderful parts, or contemplate it as a whole, without feeling absolute emotions of the sublime. The whole mass has in its construction consumed between six and seven hundred tons of iron and brass, and this amount of metal has passed through the hands of hundreds of ingenious mechanics, been wrought into every possible form, and finally come out a huge, breathing, living thing, whose power when exerted sends through the resisting waves of the sea the finest ship that ever floated under any flag.

In addition to the names of the officers which we give on another page, the Niagara will have one boatswain's mate, one gunner's do., one carpenter's do., one yeoman, one master-at-arms, one ship's cook, five quartermasters, two quarter-guns, four captains of the forecabin, six captains of the tops, two captains of the afterguard, seven coxswains, one ship's steward, two officers do., one surgeon's steward, one sailmaker's mate, two captains of the hold, two officers' cooks, two ship's corporals, one hundred seamen, one hundred ordinary do., and one hundred landmen. Of the marines there are four sergeants, three corporals, two musicians, and forty privates. In the engineers' department forty-six firemen and coal-passers are employed. The working force of the Niagara is five hundred and thirty men; on her present trip she will have four hundred and ninety men.

The Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch offers new inducements to business men who desire to advertise in Western Pennsylvania; see advertisement.

RESCUE AT SEA.

We have been favored with the accompanying sketch by a correspondent who was one of the passengers by the mail steamer England, and an eye-witness of the incident here represented. The circumstances are thus narrated before the American Consul at Cape Town by Archelaus Baker, who stated that he was late master of the whaling bark Henry H. Crape, of Dartmouth, State of Massachusetts, U.S.; that on the 11th of January last he sailed in the above vessel from St. Augustine's Bay, Island of Madagascar, with 900 barrels of sperm oil, bound to Dartmouth; and that on the 19th, in lat. 32 deg. 30 min. south, lon. 32 deg. 30 min. east, at seven P. M., while steering S. W. by W., with a light breeze from the N. N. E., he saw a squall arising from the S. W.; took in all light sails, rigged in studding-sail booms. At nine P. M. the squall passed over to the S. E., and soon after a calm—the clewed down topsails, hauled out reef-tackles, and haul'd up courses. About a quarter past nine P. M. a light breeze sprung up from the southward—he double-reefed foretopsail and furl'd the mainsail, clewed up the foretopsail, and while the men were in the act of furling it, a heavy gust from the southward struck the ship, which capsize'd her, and she immediately filled. He then ordered the lanyards of the rigging to be cut away, and the boat from the larboard side to be launched; but it being stove, filled, and while he was in the act of cutting the lanyards of the main-rigging, he was washed overboard. After several fruitless attempts to regain his ship, he succeeded in reaching a small piece of a boat and a cutting-stage. With the lanyard belonging to the cutting-stage he secured the two together, and upon this precarious stage or raft he remained

until daylight, when not a vestige of the vessel could be seen—nothing on the face of the water was discoverable but some drift-wood. About seven A. M. he was suddenly aroused by the sound of a human voice, which proceeded from one of his crew, a Sandwich Islander, who was at the time floating upon four oars and a piece of board. After several attempts they succeeded in reaching each other. They then, with all the materials they could get, constructed a more substantial raft. Through the course of the day of the 20th of January they picked up two more oars and a small piece of plank, with a few fathoms of rope attached, with which they strengthened their raft. On the following day they picked up another oar and three pumpkins; the latter was the first food they had eaten since the disaster. It should be stated that in the part of a boat which drifted to the Captain on the first night he found a boat hatchet, and shortly after a small flag, which he secured; the former proved to be very useful in self-defence against the attacks of a shark, the latter as a signal, by which they were noticed by a steamer on Jan. 21, which proved to be the royal mail steamer England, Captain A. D. Dundas, on board of which they were received, having been forty hours in the above perilous situation.

The American Consul did not fail to express to Captain Dundas his grateful acknowledgments for his unremitting kindness and attention to the wants of Captain Baker and his seaman, until landed at Cape Town, at which time, by a letter characteristic of the noble character of the gentlemen belonging to the Royal Navy and British seamen in general, he offered him a free passage to St. Helena or England. The officers and passengers, by every means in their power, while Captain Baker was on board the steamer, appeared to vie with each other in adding to his comfort, and substantially expressed their sympathy and kindness by presenting him, through Captain Dundas, with a purse of money more than sufficient for all his wants while at the Cape.

THE MONSTER GLASS BOTTLE.

The manufacture of glass is one of the highest beauty; and, considering the worthlessness of the materials of which it is made, and the various purposes of a useful, ornamental, and scientific nature which it subserves, may be regarded as perhaps the most important in the history of inventions. The period of its invention is involved in great obscurity; but if we believe Pliny, we are indebted for this necessary of life, as we are for the gift of letters, to the Phœnicians. The popular opinion upon this subject refers the discovery to accident; but, as Dr. Ure has observed, there were circumstances in the ancient arts likely to lead to it, such as the fusing and vitrifying heats required for the formation of pottery and for the extraction of metals from the ores. But, be this as it may, the Egyptians were certainly acquainted with the art of glass-making; for in some names glass beads have been found, colored with a metallic oxide, and pieces of glass have been discovered in the ruins of Thebes. In Strabo and Pliny's time, the inhabitants of Sidon and Alexandria were famed for the production of beautiful glass, which they cut, engraved, gilt, and stained of the richest colors, in imitation of precious stones, and exported to all parts of the then civilized world. At Rome, too, glass was manufactured into various articles of convenience and ornament; and so great was the luxury of this article, or so exquisite its manufacture in those days, that Nero is reported to have given 6000 sesterces for two glass cups. For a long time Venice is said to have excelled all the countries of Europe in this manufacture; of which, indeed, it may be said to have enjoyed a monopoly till about the middle of the 17th century, when the invention of blown mirror glass by Colbert gave France a decided superiority over its rival. At what period the manufacture of glass was introduced into England is not precisely known; but there can be no doubt that, till near the close of the 17th century, that country was obliged to have recourse to foreigners for the supply of the common articles of drinking glasses. In 1673 the Duke of Buckingham materially improved the fabrication of British plate-glass by bringing over several Venetian artisans to the works at Lambeth, which were under his patronage; and the manufacture was still further improved by the arrival of the French refugees subsequently to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The above works, however, were soon abandoned; and it was exactly one century (1773) later that the first establishment of magnitude for the production of plate-glass was formed, under the title of "The Governor and Company of British Cast Plate-Glass Manufacturers." This company was incorporated by act of Parliament, and soon after erected works on an extensive scale at Ravenhead, near Prescot, in Lancashire, which have continued in constant operation down to the present time. Since that period immense improvements have been made in the manufacture of every species of glass throughout all the countries of Europe, though the art may be said to have reached perfection only in England and Bohemia.

France has not been distinguished for her glass manufacture compared with Bohemia or England, but her artisans, determined at the time of the great Paris Exhibition to attract attention, a number united in the production of a monster bottle, which was properly considered "a lion among the curiosities." Our beautiful drawing renders an elaborate description unnecessary. It was quite an affair to get inside of the crystallized compartment, but once fairly in, and seated at table, a first-rate dinner was discussed by a number of individuals with all the ease common to the parlors of our fashionable hotels. Glass is rapidly becoming an article of utility, in a thousand ways, not thought of a few years since. It is nearly as strong as iron for many building purposes, and forms among other uses part of the flooring of most of our best business houses. The monster bottle was an evidence of the power to use large masses of glass for useful mechanical and ornamental purposes.

EXTRAORDINARY CANINE INSTINCT.—The most remarkable instance of instinct or sagacity in a dog, that we remember to have heard of, occurred in the town of Fairhaven, a few days since, and it was this:—Two children, between the ages of five and seven years, were playing in the middle of the street of Fairhaven, when an unloaded wagon, without a driver, drawn by a runaway horse, was seen approaching at a furious rate. A large dog, a cross of the Newfoundland and mastiff breeds, who was lying near, saw the approaching peril, and, going to the rescue of the unconscious innocents, took up by their clothes in his teeth first one of the children and deposited the little thing out of danger on the sidewalk, and returned and took the other and also placed it safely on the walk. As the wagon was passing, the dog made a spring at the horse and tried to seize him by the nose, but failed to stop him. We have these curious facts from a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable. Who shall say that the brute creation is devoid of rational intelligence after this?

A New York inventor proposes a new mode of constructing walls, which is substantially a revival of the old Babylonian method. The plan consists in making brick walls, by cementing the bricks together with asphaltum, bitumen, and hydraulic cement. The bricks are first covered with the bitumen, which, in its nature, is plastic, fusible, and unites with great tenacity to calcareous earths. The bricks are then laid for the construction of the wall, being cemented together with the asphaltum and hydraulic cement. After the wall is thus far completed, its surface is then covered over with melted asphaltum, when it forms a substantial wall.

Real estate in Washington is looking up. Senator Douglas and Mr. Rice, the delegate from Minnesota, have purchased two squares of ground west of Mr. Douglas' present residence for \$51,000, and propose to erect magnificent dwellings for themselves and Vice-President Breckinridge. W. W. Corcoran, the banker, and Senator Bright, of Indiana, have also purchased ground for expensive residences, which they are about to build.

Ira Couch, of Chicago, who died recently worth \$1,500,000, left his property in the hands of trustees, to accumulate for twenty years, at the end of which time it is to be divided equally between his four children, now minors.

FAMILY PASTIME.

CHARADES.

1. My first is French, my second English, and my whole is the name of a language.

2. My first is everything, so is my second, and my whole is an addition.

3. My first if you do, you'll increase,
My second will keep you from heaven,
My whole—such is human caprice—
Is not so oft taken as given.

RIDDLES.

1. How many insects make a landlord?
2. Why is the letter T like an island?
3. If a pair of spectacles could speak, what father of the church would they name?
4. Why is a little devil, sitting on the top of a cow-house, like a poor man?
5. Why is a horse like a lump of lead?

ANAGRAMS.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Violence run forth. | 7. O! liar, net. |
| 2. Tame. | 8. Dead respires again. |
| 3. Rich as tin. | 9. Time, gon' ten. |
| 4. Reap and tolls. | 10. Stomal. |
| 5. A rash. | 11. Chew in rest. |
| 6. A boat wins. | 12. Call him yet released. |

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—PAGE 336.

A PUZZLING BILL OF FARE.—1st Course.—1. Had-dock. 2. Turkey. 3. Spare-rib. 4. Tongue. 5. Ham. 6. Cut-let. 7. Pot-a-toe. 8. Spin-age. 9. Carrot. 10. Sea-kale. 11. Pease. 12. Scarlet runners. 2d Course.—1. Woodcock. 2. Crab. 3. Trifle. 4. Sweet-bread. 5. Apple-puff. 6. Rhubarb tart. 7. Part-ridge. 8. Hare. 9. Asp-a-rag-us. 10. Mushrooms. Dessert.—1. Pine-apple. 2. Pears. 3. Plum. 4. Fig. 5. Dates. 6. Apricot. 7. Peach. 8. Strawberry. 9. Currants. 10. Rasp-berry. ANTHMETICAL PUZZLE.—Worked 9½, played 2½ days.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

SAUCE FOR BOILED MUTTON.—Two spoonfuls of liquor the mutton was boiled in, two spoonfuls of vinegar, three eschalots, and a little salt. Put in a saucepan, with a little flour, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir up, and give it a boil.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—Quarter of a pound of fresh butter, four yolks of eggs, quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, the juice of a lemon, the rind grated, all well mixed. It is better to warm the butter. Put into small pans, and bake with a crust at the bottom.

SAUCE FOR CHOPS AND STEAKS.—Pound together in a mortar one ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, one ounce of salt, half an ounce of horse-radish scraped, half an ounce of eschalots. Pour on this half a pint of mushroom catsup, and half a pint of walnut pickle. Infuse for a fortnight, and strain for use.

SAUCE FOR FISH.—Twenty-four anchovies chopped; ten eschalots; two ounces of horse-radish, scraped; four blades of mace; one lemon, sliced; twelve cloves; quarter of an ounce of black pepper, whole; one gill of the anchovy liquor; one quart of best vinegar; one quart of water. Let the whole simmer on the fire until reduced to one quart, in a covered saucepan, strain and bottle for use. If required for long keeping, add quarter of an ounce of cayenne pepper.

A BLACK MAN'S RECIPE TO DRESS RICE.—Wash him well, much wash in cold water, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil all ready very fast. Throw him in, rice can't burn, water shake him too much. Boil quarter of an hour or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger, if all rub away him quite done. Put rice in collander, hot water run away; pour cup of cold water on him, put back rice in saucepan, keep him covered near the fire, then rice all ready. Eat him up!

ITALIAN SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Two carrots, two turnips, one onion, the trimming of a head of celery cut in pieces, and fried with a small thin slice of butter, not more than half an ounce. They must be fried till they are quite dry, care being taken that they do not burn. When all moisture is dried up, pour from a pint and a half to one quart of boiling water into the frying-pan on them, then pour all together into a saucepan and boil for three or four hours, filling it up as it boils away.

THIEVES' VINEGAR.—Take of rue, sage, mint, rosemary, worm-wood, and lavender, a large handful of each; mix in one gallon of vinegar, in a stone jar closely covered, and keep warm by the fire for four days, then strain, and add one ounce of camphor, pounded; bottle, and keep well corked. There is a legend connected with this preparation (called in French *Vinagre à quatre Voleurs*), that during the plague at Marseilles certain robbers plundered the infected houses with impunity, and being apprehended and condemned to death, were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret of their preventive—as above. The mode of use is to wash the face and hands with it previous to exposure to any infection. It is very aromatic and refreshing in a sick room, if nothing more.

NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

NEW MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—A man in England has patented a process for the manufacture of paper from the refuse or waste of Brazilian grass. Having removed the most ligneous parts, as the stem of the leaf and extraneous matters, the remainder is boiled in a suitable vessel with lime and water for about twelve hours in the manner usually pursued in making paper from coarse materials. It is then placed in a rag engine, and subjected to the ordinary washing and breaking-in process, and, if intended for brown or unbleached paper, it is reduced to pulp and converted to paper by the usual methods. If for white paper, the waste grass, after undergoing the washing and breaking-in treatment, is subjected to a second boiling for about twelve hours, but with a solution of soda instead of lime, and after the usual washing and pressing, it is passed through a screening machine, so as to farther open the fibres and cleanse the stuff; the bleaching is next performed—by exposing the stuff to the action of chlorine gas, in what is termed a chest, or by steeping it in a solution of chlorure of lime: after bleaching, it is again washed in a rag engine; and then converted into a pulp and made into paper.

M. DEBRINCENZI, a French inventor, has spent years in the development of an ingenious plan of producing relief printing plates by an electro-chemical process. The method he employs is simple, in thin sheets, which are grained with sifted sand, and the design is made upon them with lithographic ink and pen. When the design is finished, it is prepared as if for the lithographic press.

A PATENT has been granted to certain parties in England for earthenware reflectors, possessing some very important points. They are intended for marine and other lights, which are usually made of copper silvered over. In this, the copper is covered with thin platinum, and earthenware glass over the platinum, a highly polished surface, and resists the corrosive action of sea air.

PURIFYING GAS.—Charcoal which has been saturated at a red heat with lime water, is now employed in some parts of England for purifying gas, instead of the simple milk of lime. The charcoal thus prepared is used in a vessel (the purifier) as a substitute for the lime purifier, and is said to produce a purer gas, by a more perfect removal of the sulphur and ammonia.

ETCHING MARBLE.—Trace figures on marble and then cover them with a varnish composed of sealing wax dissolved in alcohol, and allow them to dry. Now pour over the surface of the marble some dilute muriatic acid; it will bite or eat down the marble in the spaces not covered with the wax-varnish, which will remain in relief. The acid must be washed off when it ceases to effervesce, and before the varnish is removed.

BOOKS, ARTISTICALLY CONSIDERED.—The English excel all others in the mechanical arrangement that is required in a really exquisite work. They understand it in all its minutiae. The very title-page is a model of neatness and elegance; and of such importance is the superintendence of their labors, that trained artists are employed in most of the large establishments to attend to it in all its artistic capabilities. The art has been carried to a high degree of finish in France. The French books are remarkable for the firmness of their boards, the smoothness of their leather, and the delicacy the richness of design, and the sharpness of outline of their gold tooling. The designs upon one of Beaumont's, Capé's, or Lortie's books, seem hardly to be stamped upon the leather, but rather to be inlaid in it. But for pleasure and convenience in use, the work of the French binders is inferior to that of the English. The ancient Romans ornamented the covers of their books very elaborately. Those of wood were carved. About the commencement of the Christian era, leather of brilliant hues, decorated with gold and silver, had come into use. In the middle ages the monks exhausted their ingenuity in adorning the covers of those manuscripts which they spent their lives in writing and illuminating. Single figures and groups, wrought in solid gold, solid silver, and gold gorgeous with enamel, precious stones and pearls made the outside of the volume correspond to the splendor within. Less expensive works were often bound in oak boards very richly carved; scenes from the lives of sacred personages furnishing the subjects. Many still exist upon which the Nativity or the Crucifixion is carved in high relief.

The Toronto (Canada) Board of Trade have issued a circular to similar bodies in the American lake cities, asking their co-operation, and that of merchants generally, in taking the necessary steps to induce the United States and British governments to grant the free navigation of the lakes and inland waters of both countries to the inhabitants of each alike.

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THE PEOPLE'S GRIDIRON, a new invention for broiling, which is acknowledged by all housekeepers to be a decided improvement on all other Gridirons. The fat and juices are retained in the meat, and by the aid of the Ventilating Cover the smoke and fumes are carried off in the smoke-pipe, thus abating a terrible nuisance. Circumstances, containing a full description and prices, sent to any address. Agents wanted in every Town, City and County in the U. S. ion. Country and State Rights for sale at the Wholesale and Retail Depot, No. 66 Broadway, New York. GEORGE L. GAINOR. 73

LETTER FROM ASIA.—The following is an extract of a letter from one of the first men, in character and position, any country can boast. The intrinsic value of the interesting letter upon the benefits derived from Brandreth's Pills, with perhaps the name of the distinguished writer; but at present this must suffice:

"R. BRANDRETH: My sincerest thanks are due you for the boxes of Brandreth's Pills that you were so kind as to send me, previous to my departure for the East; and a more efficient medicine, as a preventive of disease upon the malarious shores of the Danube, or the plague-stricken cities of Egypt and Asia Minor, I do not believe was ever used. My whole party took them freely, and while others were ill and delayed we kept well. Enclosed you will find the translation of a letter from Achmet Hallilla, an Arab Sheikh, to whom I presented several boxes:

"Peace be unto you and length of days; thy medicine (Brandreth's Pills) was a service to me, and to my people, and to my caravan; the little order was rich with the wine of health; let the maker wear this golden circle, that he may know I was wounded with the arrows of disease, but am now healed."

"May he grow in the dominions, and dispensing blessings be most blessed." (Signed,) ACHMET HALLILLA."

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, at Brandreth Building—416 and 417 Broadway.

QUININE SUBSTITUTE.—A warranted certain cure for Fever and Ague and Panama Fever, in its various forms, without the evils of quinine. G. J. LEEDS, 133 William street. 73

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE.—The great popularity of these machines may readily be understood when the fact is known that any good female operator can earn with one of them, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

To every tailor, seamstress, dress-maker, and each large family in the country, one of these machines would be invaluable.

L. M. SINGER & Co.'s beautiful Illustrated Paper, is just published. It explains all particulars about sewing machines. It will be given gratis to all who apply for it by letter or personally.

M. SINGER & CO., 523 Broadway, New York. 6000

DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Every housekeeper should test the importance of preparing food for the household in the manner most conducive to health, especially Bread, Biscuits and Cakes, which forms the greater part of our diet. For this purpose JAMES FYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS is particularly recommended as being the ONLY SALERATUS in use that is really safe to take into the stomach. It is deprived of all the caustic impurities so prominent in common Saleratus, while in point of purity it excels the best baking Soda. The Ladies ready to buy would do well to try it, and the steadily increasing demand bears practical testimony in its favor.

Tell your grocer that he must get it for you; but see that it is put up in 1 lb., 5 lb., and 10 lb. packages, with the name of JAMES FYLE thereon, without which none is genuine.

Manufacturing Depot, 114 Warren street, New York.

LABORATORY OF FLOWERS.—Flower Farms at Nice, Italy, and at Mifflonbury, Surrey, England.

FRANGIPANNI!!! AN ETERNAL PERFUME. FRANGIPANNI!!! SACHET. FRANGIPANNI!!! FRUIT. FRANGIPANNI!!! SOAP. FRANGIPANNI!!! POMADE. INGER & CO., Chemists, 222 Broadway, and all Druggists, &c. 69-73

ECONOMY IN RICH NEW STYLES OF SPRING RIBBONS.—Bouquet Silks, Millinery Goods, Dress Trimmings, French Flowers, Grapes, Fingings, &c.—Closing-out Sale, before removal of M. H. LICHTENSTEIN from No. 90 Bowery to No. 387 Broadway, on the 1st of May next. Great sacrifices are now made to sell this houseful of goods. Wholesale buyers would do well to avail themselves of this opportunity to make a saving of 25 per cent., to lay in their Spring supply from this house. Daily additions from the extensive stock from auctions and manufacturers direct from Europe. 6000

REED'S CELEBRATED LONDON CORDIAL GIN.—This is universally acknowledged to be the best article of Gin now in the market. To the so-called "imported" Gin, Reed's London Cordial Gin is infinitely superior. The proprietor of it has had the advantage of distilling this celebrated article for many years under the English Excise laws.

With the extensive distillery at 1-2 East Twenty-ninth street, the advertiser has established an office at 394 and 395 Broadway, in the Arcade, where, in the presence of the proprietor, Mr. George Hooker is authorized to receive all orders. Reed's London Cordial Gin is as effective medicinal agent, as well as a delicious beverage for general use. 72-73

RISK NOT THE LIVES OF YOUR CHILDREN by having in the house the poisonous insect bane sold by quacks and humbugs. Lyon's Magnetic Powder is the only article that will inevitably destroy bed-bugs, roaches, &c., and yet, as it will be seen by the enclosed great circular, held and children, printed on the wrapper, it cannot injure the stomach of a child. The price is now reduced to 25 cents retail, and wholesale prices in proportion. Lyon's establishment is at 434 Broadway.

FINE, beautiful hair, jet black or brown, Or traces curling and golden. Is the certain result, without chance or doubt, Of the use of LYON'S KATHARON.

The immense and unprecedented sale of this unequalled preparation for the hair—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its great excellence and superiority. The ladies universally pronounce it the finest article ever used. It restores, preserves and beautifies the hair; prevents it from turning gray, cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff, makes it soft, curly and glossy, and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all respectable dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle. The public are cautioned against imposition by worthless imitations and counterfeits. Always ask for LYON'S KATHARON.

HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO., Proprietors and Perfumers, 63 Liberty street, New York. 6000

35,000,000 SPLENDID CARPETS FOR THE MILLION, at HIRAM ANDERSON'S ten spacious sales rooms, No. 99 Bowery, N. Y. CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

LIST OF PRICES. English Medallion Carpets with Borders. 11 1/2 x 12 1/2

do. Royal Velvet do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

do. do. Tapestry Brussels do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

do. do. Three Ply Carpets do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

American do. Ingrain Carpets do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

English Oil Cloths do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

American do. do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

Painted do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

Rugs do. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

Mats from 6s. to 20s. each. 12 1/2 x 12 1/2

PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS. Gold, Plain, White Buff and Scroll Window Shades at 6s., 12s., 24s., 48s., to \$10 per pair. Table and Piano Covers, Silver and Brass Stair Ropes, Parlor Door Mats, Hair Matting, also 4s., 6s., 12s., 24s. White and Check Canton Matting, etc. 65-73

HIRAM ANDERSON.

PHALON'S MAGIC HAIR DYE.—One of the very best Natural Dyes in the world. Its use has proved it to be beyond comparison the most reliable vegetable production, no injury can possibly be done to the skin. It is easily applied, and you can obtain a black or a brown which will defy the best judges to tell it from nature itself. It is sold by all druggists, and is the only hair dye that keeps the head clear from dandruff, &c. It is inimitable; in short, it is everything the hair requires. Price, 50c. and \$1 per bottle.

Made and sold by R. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Day street, and 317 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States. 6000

PHALON'S CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR.—The most complete article of the kind ever before offered to the public. It has stood the test of twenty years in this country, and not one of the many hundreds of imitations have been able to compete with it for preserving, dressing, and beautifying the hair, and keeping the head clear from dandruff, &c. It is inimitable; in short, it is everything the hair requires. Price, 50c. and \$1 per bottle.

Made and sold by R. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Day street, and 317 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States. 6000

PHALON'S PAPHIAN LOTION, OR FLORAL BEAUTIFIER.—A great Cosmetic for beautifying the skin and complexion, and for curing Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, Scabs, Bumps, &c. Pure and safe cure for the Piles—no washing will give instant relief. After shaving, it is very soothing to the skin. It keeps the hands soft and white, and for all inflammations of the skin it will be found to be a great remedy. Price, \$1 per bottle.

Made and sold by R. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Day street, and 317 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States. 6000

DYSPEPSIA, FORBIDDEN OF CONSUMPTION, is cured without purging, by taking

CHICHESTER'S DYSPEPSIA SPECIFIC, MADE FROM SIMPLE GARDEN VEGETABLES.—One to three drops in water, at a dose, supplies the deficiency in the gastric juices, causes the food to be properly digested, and restores the system to its normal state. 10 cents per bottle, by all Druggists, and by the Proprietors, CHICHESTER & CO., 101 West Broadway, New York.

R. H.—In cases of Bilethemia and Sea Sickness it is very effective. 72-73

ST. CATHERINE'S MINERAL WATER.—A certain cure for Stomach and Bowel Complaints, Catarrhs, Dyspepsia, and Nervous Affections peculiar to females. Doctors and Editors of the highest standing can be referred to. For sale by G. J. LEEDS, 133 William street, sole agent for the United States. 73

HOW A GEORGIAN POSTMASTER MADE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

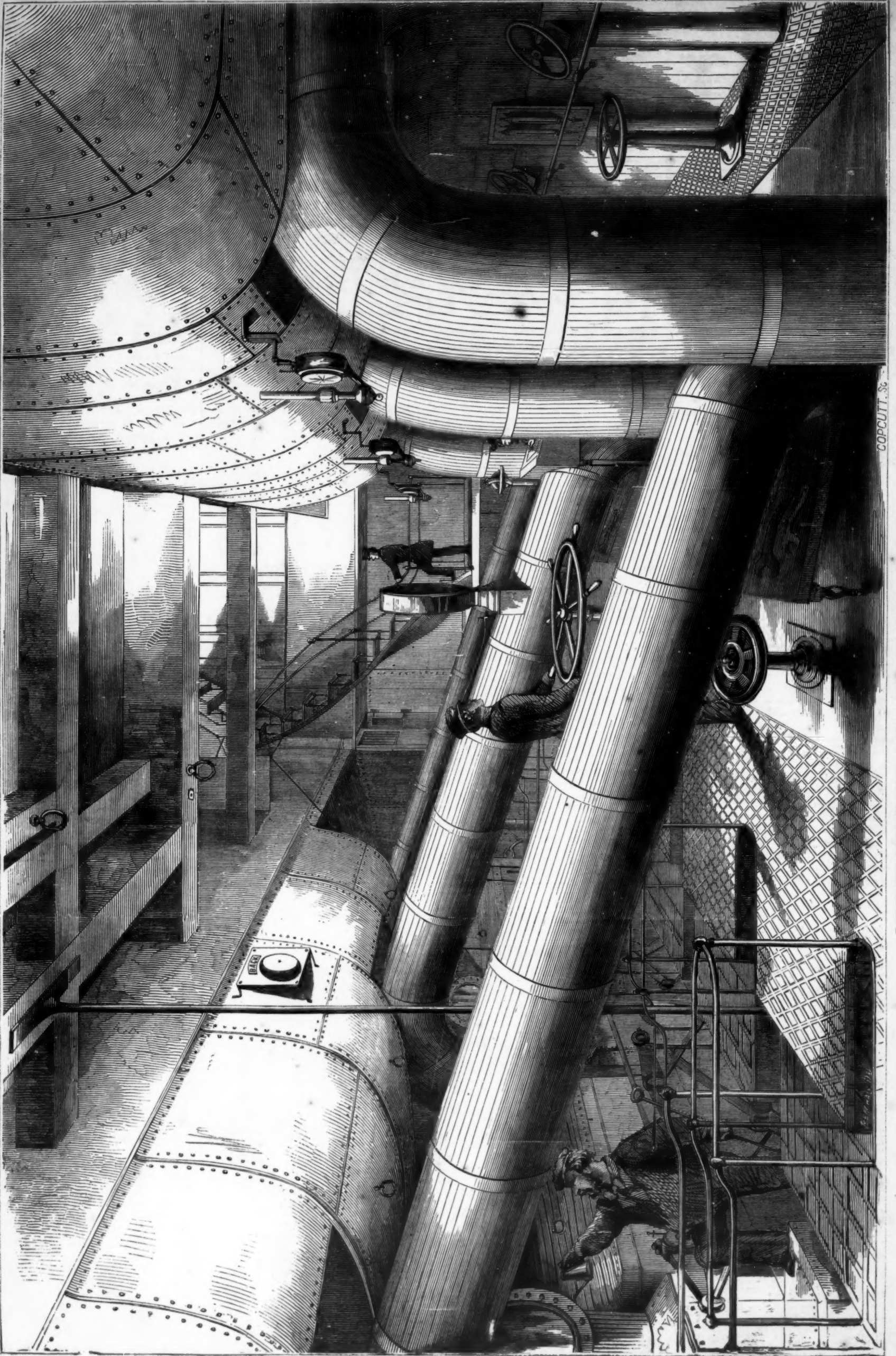
To the Editors of the Sunday Times: W. B. Oliver, the very efficient postmaster in the small village of Drayton, Dooly county, Ga., having a greater amount of sympathy, good will, and fellow feeling for his race than money in his pocket, was one day rewarded by a generous planter in the most friendly style, under the following circumstances:

The planter had a favorite girl slave, who was terribly afflicted with a convulsive disease. His was covered from head to foot with sores of the most repulsive and sickening character, and was reduced to such a condition that every physician in that county pronounced her incurable, and, in the language of Mr. Oliver, "no one that saw her would give a 5p. for her life." Mr. Oliver, however, and heard that Dr. Keadway's Remedies had made some strange cures, and was daily performing miracles; so he suggested to the planter the propriety of trying these Remedies on this girl.

"If you can cure her," said the planter, "I will give you one hundred dollar bonus, besides the cost of the Remedies!" Oliver saw over Dr. Keadway's books and papers, and then, after securing a quantity of Balm, Resolvent and Regulator, commenced operations. He used no other remedies in this case but the three Remedies of Dr. Keadway, and in six weeks he restored the girl to her mother, sound in body, strong in health, and joyful in spirit. This great cure astonished every one in the county who heard of it. The planter states that he never gave away a hundred dollars with such hearty good will, and Oliver says that he had never a hundred dollar that done him so much good.

There is no disease, however terrible it may be, or chronic it may become, or firmly established in the system, but that these life-renewing remedies will remove. The greatest cures they have made were on persons that the most skillful physicians said were incurable, and if there are any new ailing with diseases that have resisted all medical treatment, we invite you to use our Remedies and be cured, and again enjoy the blessings of health. To enumerate all the diseases Dr. Keadway's Remedies will cure would fill this paper; therefore, if sick or in pain, try them; they will cure you.

With Dr. Keadway's Remedies in your possession, every ailment they will protect you against the raging pestilence, and from sudden attacks of sickness. Should, however, any disease break out in your neighborhood of a dangerous character, either Fevers, Cholera



THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA. For Description, see Page 336.